THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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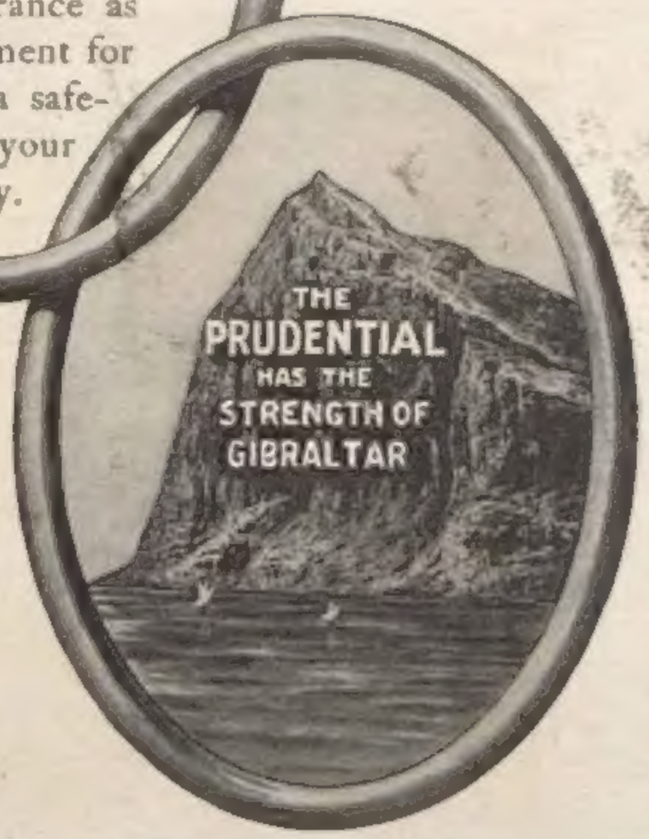

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PLAIN FIN—Paper-Hanger

A Tale of a Man, a Punt and an Inn

By F. Hopkinson Smith

THE man was a little sawed-off, red-headed Irishman with twinkling, gimlet eyes, two up-curved lips always in a broad smile, and a pair of thin, caliper-shaped legs.

His name was as brief as his stature.

"Fin, your honor, by the grace of God. F-i-n, Fin. There was a 'Mac' in front of it once, and an 'n' to the tail of it in the old times, so me mother says, but some of me ancisters—bad cess to 'em!—wiped em out. Plain Fin, if you plase, sor."

The punt was the ordinary Thames boat: a long, narrow, flat-bottomed, shallow craft with tapering ends decked over to serve as seats, the whole propelled by a pole the size of a tight-rope dancer's and about as difficult to handle.

Chartering the punt had been easy. All I had had to do was to stroll down the path bordering the river, run my eye over a group of boats lying side by side like a school of trout with their noses up-stream, pick out the widest, flattest and least upsettable craft in the fleet, decorate it with a pair of Turkey-red cushions from a pile in the boathouse, and a short mattress, also Turkey-red—a good thing at luncheon hour for a tired back is a mattress—slip the key of the padlock of the mooring chain in my pocket and stroll back again.

The hiring of the man was more difficult, well-nigh impossible, for days after my arrival at Sonning-on-Thames, except at a price per diem which no staid old painter—they are all an impecunious lot—could afford. There were boys, of course, for the asking; sunburnt, freckle-faced, tousle-headed, barefooted little devils who, when my back was turned, would do handsprings over my cushions, landing on the mattress, or break the pole the first day out, leaving me high and dry on some island out of calling distance; but full-grown, sober-minded, steady men, who could pole all day or sit beside me patiently while I worked, hand me the right brush, or tube of color, or palette, or open a bottle of soda without spilling half of it—that kind of man was scarce.

Landlord Hull, of the White Hart Inn—what an ideal Boniface is this same Hull, and what an ideal inn—promised a boatman to pole the punt and look after my traps when the Henley regatta was over; and the owner of my own craft, and of fifty other punts besides, went so far as to say that he expected a man as soon as Lord Somebody-or-Other left for the Continent, when His Lordship's waterman would be free, adding meaningly:

THE WHITE HART

"Just at present, zur, when we do be 'avin' such a mob lot from Lunnon, 'specially at week's-end, zur—we ain't got men enough to do our own polin'. It's the war, zur, as has took 'em off. Maybe for a few day, zur, ye might take a 'and yerself if ye didn't mind."

I waved the hand referred to—the forefinger part of it—in a deprecating manner. I couldn't pole the lightest and most tractable punt ten yards in a straight line to save my own or anybody else's life. Then again, if I should impair the precision of my five fingers by any such violent exercise my brush would wabble as nervously over my canvas as a recording needle across a steam gauge. Poling a rudderless, keelless skiff up a crooked stream by means of a fifteen-foot balancing pole is an art only to be classed with that of rowing a gondola. Gondoliers and punters, like poets, are born, not made. My own Luigi comes of a race of gondoliers dating back two hundred years, and punters must spring from just such ancestors. No, if I had to do the poling myself I should rather get out and walk.

Fin solved the problem—not from any special training (rowing in regattas and the like), but rather from that universal adaptability of the Irishman which fits him for filling any situation in life, from a seat on a dirt cart to a chair in an aldermanic chamber.

"I am a paper-hanger by trade, sor," he began, "but I was brought up on the river and can put a punt wid de best. Try me, sor, at four bob a day; I'm out of a job."

I looked him over from his illuminated head down to his parenthetical legs, caught the merry twinkle in his eyes, and a sigh of relief escaped me. Here was not only a seafaring man, accustomed to battling with the elements, skilled in the handling of poles, and acquainted with swift and ofttimes dangerous currents, but a brother brush, a man conversant with design and pigments; an artist, keenly sensitive to straight lines, harmony of tints and delicate manipulation of surfaces.

I handed him the key at once. Thenceforward I was simply a passenger depending on his strong right arm for guidance, and at luncheon hour upon his alert and nimble, though incurved, legs for sustenance, the inn being often a mile away from my subject.

And the inns!—or rather my own particular inn—the White Hart at Sonning.

There are others, of course—the Red Lion at Henley; the old Warboys hostelry at Cookham; the Angler at Marlowe; the French Horn across the black water and within rifle-shot of the White Hart—a most pretentious place, designed for millionaires and spend-thrifts, where even chops and tomato sauce, English pickles, chowchow and the like, ales in the wood and other like commodities and comforts, are dispensed at prices that compel all impecunious, staid painters like myself to content themselves with a sandwich and a pint of bitter—and a hundred other inns along the river, good, bad and indifferent. But yet with all their charms I am still loyal to my own White Hart.

Mine is an inn that sets back from the river with a rose garden in front the like of which you never saw nor smelt of: millions of roses in a never-ending bloom. An inn with low ceilings, a cubby-hole of a bar next the side entrance on the village street; two barmaids—three on holidays; old furniture; a big fireplace in the hall; red-shaded lamps at night; plenty of easy chairs and cushions. An inn all dimity and cretonne and brass bedsteads upstairs and unlimited tubs—one fastened to the wall painted white, and about eight feet long, to fit the largest pattern of Englishman. Out under the portico facing the rose garden and the river stand tables for two or four, with snow-white cloths made gay with field flowers, and the whole shaded by big movable Japanese umbrellas, regular circus-tent umbrellas, their staffs stuck in the ground wherever they are needed. Along the sides of this garden on the gravel walk loll go-to-sleep straw chairs, with little wicker tables within reach of your hand for B. & S., or tea and toast, or a pint in a mug, and down at the water's edge seafaring men like Fin and me find a boathouse with half a score of punts, skiffs and rowboats, together with a steam launch with fires banked ready for instant service.

CAUGHT UNAWARES

And the people in and of this White Hart Inn!

There are a bride and groom, of course. No well-regulated Thames inn can exist a week without a bride and groom. He is a handsome, well-knit, brown-skinned young fellow, who wears white flannel trousers, chalked shoes, a shrimp-colored flannel jacket and a shrimp-colored cap (Leander's colors) during the day and a faultlessly cut dress suit at night.

She has a collection of hats, some as big as small tea-tables; fluffy gowns for mornings; short frocks for boating; and a gold belt, two shoulder straps and a bunch of roses for dinner. They have three dogs between them—one four inches long—well, perhaps six, to be exact—another a bull terrier, and a third a St. Bernard as big as a Spanish burro. They have also a maid, a valet and a dog-cart, besides no end of blankets, whips, rugs, canes, umbrellas, golf sticks and tennis bats. They have stolen up here, no doubt, to get away from their friends, and they are having the happiest hours of their lives.

"Them two, sor," volunteers Fin as we pass them lying under the willows near my morning subject, "is as chuck-full of happiness as a hive's full of bees. They was out in their boat yesterday, sor, in all that pour, and it rolled off 'em same as a duck sheds water, and they laughin' so ye'd think they'd split. What's dresses to them, sor, and her father? Why, sor, he could buy and sell half Sonnin'. He's jist home from Africa—or he was, the week he was married—wid more lead inside him than would sink a corpse. You kin see for yerself that he's made for fightin'. Look at the eye on him!"

Then there is the solitary Englishman, who breakfasts by himself, and has the morning paper laid beside his plate the

moment the post-cart arrives. Fin and I find him half the time on a bench in a cool place on the path to the Lock, his nose in his book, his tightly furled umbrella by his side. No dogs nor punts nor spins up the river for him. He is taking his holiday and doesn't want to be meddled with or spoken to.

There are, too, the customary maiden sisters—the unattended and forlorn—up for a week; and the young fellow down from London, all flannels and fishing-rods—three or four of them in fact, who sit round in front of the little sliding wicket facing the row of bottles and pump handles—divining rods for the beer below, these pump handles—chaffing the barmaids and getting as good as they send. And always, at night, one or more of the country gentry in for their papers, and who can be found in the cozy hall discussing the crops, the coming regatta, the chance of Leander's winning the race, or the latest reports of yesterday's cricket match.

Now and then the village doctor or miller—quite an important man is the miller—you would think so if you could see the mill—drops in, draws up a chair and ventures an opinion on the price of wheat in the States or the coal strike or some kindred topic; the coming country fair, or perhaps the sermon of the previous Sunday.

"I hope you 'eard our Vicar, sir—No? Sorry you didn't, sir. I tell yer 'e's a nailer."

And so much for the company at the White Hart Inn.

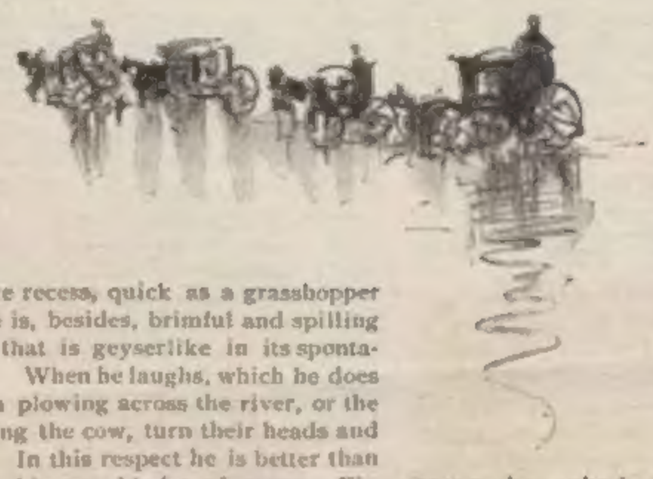
II

YOU perhaps think that you know the Thames. You have been at Henley, no doubt, during regatta week, when both banks were flower-beds of blossoming parasols and full-blown picture hats, the river a stretch of silver, crowded with boats, their occupants cheering like mad. Or you know Marlowe with its wide stream bordered with stately trees and stately mansions, and Oxford with its grim buildings, and Windsor dominated by its huge pile of stone, the flag of the Empires floating from its top; and Maidenhead with its boats and launches, and lovely Cookham with its back water and quaint mill and quainter lock. You have rowed down beside them all in a shell, or have had glimpses of them from the train, or sat under the awnings of the launch or regular packet and watched the procession go by. All very charming and interesting, and, if you had but forty-eight hours in which to see all England, a profitable way of spending eight of them. And yet you have only skimmed the beautiful river's surface as a swallow skims a lake.

Try a punt once.

Pole in and out of the little back waters, lying away from the river, smothered in trees; float over the shallows dotted with pond lilies; creep under drooping branches swaying with the current; stop at any one of a hundred landings, draw your boat up on the gravel, spring out and plunge into the thickets, flushing the blackbirds from their nests, or unpack your luncheon, spread your mattress and watch the clouds sail over your head. Don't be in a hurry. Keep up this idling day in and day out, up and down, over and across, for a month or more, and you will get some faint idea of how picturesque, how lovely and how restful this rarest of all the sylvan streams of England can be.

If, like me, you can't pole a punt its length without running into a mud bank or afoul of the bushes, then send for Fin. If he isn't at Sonning you will hear of him at Cookham or Marlowe or London—but find him wherever he is. He will prolong your life and loosen every button on your waistcoat. Fin is the unexpected, the ever-bubbling and the ever-joyous: restless as a schoolboy ten minutes before recess, quick as a grasshopper and lively as a cricket. He is, besides, brimful and spilling over with a quality of fun that is geyserlike in its spontaneity and intermittent flow. When he laughs, which he does every other minute, the man plowing across the river, or the boy fishing, or the girl driving the cow, turn their heads and smile. They can't help it. In this respect he is better than a dozen farmers each with his two blades of grass. Fin plants a whole acre of laughs at once.



On one of my joyous days—they were all joyous days, this one most of all—I was up the back water, the "Mud Lark" (Fin's name for the punt) anchored in her element by two poles, one at each end, to keep her steady, when Fin broke through a new aperture and became reminiscent.

I had dotted in the outlines of the old footpath with the meadows beyond, the cotton-wool clouds sailing overhead—

RAREST OF ALL THE SYLVAN STREAMS OF ENGLAND

only in England do I find these clouds—and was calling to the restless Irishman to sit still or I would send him ashore . . . wet, when he answered with one of his bubbling outbreaks:

"I don't wonder yer hot, sor, but I git that fidgety. I been so long doin' nothin'; two months now, sor, since I been on a box."

I worked on for a minute without answering. Hanging wall-paper by standing on a box was probably the way they did it in the country, the ceilings being low.

"No work?" I said aimlessly. As long as he kept still I didn't care what he talked or laughed about.

"Plinty, sor—an' summer's the time to do it. So many strangers comin' an' goin', but they won't let me at it. I'm laid off for a month yet; that's why your job come in handy, sor."

"Row with your Union?" I remarked listlessly, my mind still intent on watching a sky tint above the foreground trees.

"No—wid the perlice. A little bit of a scrimmage wan night in Trafalgar Square. It was me own fault, sor, for I oughter a-knowed better. It was about three o'clock in the mornin', sor, and I was outside one o' them clubs just below Piccadilly, when one o' them young chaps come out wid three or four others, all b'ilin' drunk—one was Lord Bentig—jumps into a four-wheeler standin' by the steps an' hollers out to the rest of us: 'A guinea to the man that gits to Trafalgar Square fust: three minutes' start,' and off he wint and we after him, leavin' wan of the others behind wid his watch in his hand."

I laid down my palette and looked up. Paper-hanging evidently had its lively side.

"Afoot?"

"All four of 'em, sor—lickety-split and hell's loose. I come near runnin' over a bobbie as I turned into Pall Mall, but I dodged him and kep' on and landed second with the mare doubled up in a heap and the rig a-top of her and one shaft broke. Lord Bentig and the other chaps that was wid him was standin' waitin' and when we all fell in a heap he nigh bu'st himself a-laughin'. He went bail for us, of course, and give the three of us ten bob apiece, but I got laid off for three months and come up here where me old mother lives and I kin pick up a job."

"Hanging paper?" I suggested with a smile.

"Yes, or anything else. Ye see, sor, I'm handy carpenterin', or puttin' on locks, or the likes o' that, or paintin' or paper-hangin' or mendin' stoves or tinware. So when they told me a painter-chap wanted me, I looked over me perfessions and picked out the wan I tho't would suit him best. But it's drivin' a cab I'm good at; been on the box fourteen year come next Christmas. Ye don't mind, do ye, sor, my not tellin' ye before? Lord Bentig'll tell ye all about me next time ye see him in Lunnon." This touch was truly Finian. "He's cousin, ye know, sor, to this young chap what's here at the inn wid his bride. They wouldn't know me, sor, nor don't, but I've driv her father many a time. My rank used to be near his house on Bolton Terrace. I had a thing happen there one night that—more water? Yes, sor—and the other brush—the big one? Yes, sor—thank ye, sor. I don't shake, do I, sor?"

"No, Fin; go on."

"Well, I was tellin' ye about the night Sir Henry's man—that's the lady's father, sor—come to the rank where I sat on me box. It was about ten o'clock—rainin' hard and bad goin', it was that slippery.

"'His Lordship wants ye in a hurry, Fin,' and he jumped inside.

"When I got there I see something was goin' on—a party or something—the lights was lit clear up to the roof.

"'His Lordship's waitin' in the hall for ye,' said his man, and I jumped off me box and wint inside.

"'Fin,' said His Lordship, speakin' low, 'there's a lady dinin' wid me and the wine's gone to her head, and she's that full that if she waits until her own carriage comes for her she won't git home at all! Go back and get on yer cab wid yer fingers to yer hat and I'll bring her out and put her in meself. It's dark and she won't know the difference. Take her down to Cadogan Square—I don't know the number, but ye can't miss it, for it's the fust white house with geraniums in the winders. When ye git there ye're to git down, help her up the steps, keepin' yer mouth shut, unlock the door and set her down on the sofa. You'll find the sofa in the parlor on the right, and can't miss it. Then lay the key on the mantel—here it is. After she's down step out softly, close the door behind ye, ring the bell and some of her servants will come and put her to bed. She's often took that way and they know what to do.' Then he says, lookin' at me straight, 'I sent for you, Fin, for I know I kin trust ye. Come here to-morrow and let me know how she got through and I'll give ye five bob.'

"Well, sor, in a few minutes out she come, leanin' on His Lordship's arm, steppin' loike she had spring-halt and takin' half the sidewalk to turn in.

"'Good-night, Your Ladyship,' says His Lordship.

"'Good-night, Sir Henry,' she called back, her head out of the winder, and off I driv.

"I turned into the Square, found the white house wid the geraniums, helps her out of me cab and steadied her up the steps, pulled the key out, and was just goin' to put it in the lock when she fell up agin the door and open it went. The gas was turned low in the hall, so that she wouldn't know me if she looked at me.

"I found the parlor, but the lights were out; so widout lookin' for the sofa—I was afraid somebody'd come and catch me—I slid her into a rockin'-chair, laid the key on the hall table, shut the door softlike, rang the bell as if there was a fire next door, jumped on me box and driv off.

"The next mornin' I went to see His Lordship.

"'Did ye land her all right, Fin?'

"'I did, sor,' I says.

"'Had ye any trouble wid the key?'

"'No, sor,' I says; 'the door was open.'

"'That's queer,' he says; 'maybe her husband came in earlier and forgot to shut it. And ye put her on the sofa——'

"'No, sor, in a big chair.'

"'In the parlor on the right?'

"'No, sor, in a little room on the left—down one step——'

"He stopped and looked at me.

"'Ye're sure ye put her in the fust white house?'

"'I am, sor.'

"'Wid geraniums in the winder?'

"'Yes, sor.'

"'Red?' he says.

"'No, white,' I says.

"'On the north side of the Square?'

"'No,' I says, 'on the south.'

"'Fin,' he says, 'ye left her in the wrong house!'"

It was I who shook the boat this time.

"Oh, ye needn't laugh, sor; it was no laughin' matter. I got me five bob, but I lost His Lordship's custom, and I didn't dare go near Cadogan Square for a month."

These disclosures opened up a new and wider horizon. Heretofore I had associated Fin with simple country life—as a cheery craftsman—a Jack-of-all-trades: one day attired in overalls, with paste-pot, shears and ladder, brightening the walls of the humble cottagers, and the next in polo cap and ragged white sweater, the gift of some summer visitor (his invariable costume with me), adapting himself to the peaceful needs of the river. Here, on the contrary and to my great surprise, was a cosmopolitan; a man versed in the dark and devious ways of a great city; familiar with life in its widest sense; one who had touched on many sides and who knew the cafés, the rear entrances to the theatres and the short cut to St. John's Wood with the best and worst of them. These discoveries came with a certain shock, but they did not impair my interest in my companion. They really endeared him to me all the more.

After this I was no longer content with listening to his rambling dissertations on whatever happened to rise in his memory and throat. I began to direct the output. It was not a difficult task; any incident or object, however small, served my purpose.

The four-inch dog acted as valve this morning.

Somebody had trod on His Dogship; some unfortunate biped born to ill luck. In and about Sonning to tread on a dog or to cause any animal pain is looked upon as an unforgivable crime. Dogs are made to be hugged and coddled and given the best cushion in the boat. "A man, a girl and a dog" is as common as "a man, a punt and an inn."

Instantly the four-inch morsel—four inches, now that I think of it, is about right; six inches is too long—this morsel, I say, let out a yell as shrill as a launch whistle and as fetching as a baby's cry. Instantly three chambermaids, two barmaids, the two maiden sisters who were breakfasting on the shady side of the inn gable, and the dog's owner, who, in a ravishing gown, was taking her coffee under one of the Japanese umbrellas, came rushing out of their respective hiding-places, impelled by an energy and accompanied by an impetuousness rarely seen except perhaps in some heroic attempt to save a drowning child sinking for the last time.

"The darlin'"—this from Katy the barmaid, who got to him first—"who's stomped on him?"

"How outrageous to be so cruel!"—this from the two maiden sisters.

"Give him to me, Katy—oh, the brute of a man!"—this from the fair owner.

The solitary Englishman with his book and his furled umbrella, who in his absorption had committed the crime, strode on without even raising his hat in apology.

"D——d little beast!" I heard him mutter as he neared the boathouse where Fin and I were stowing cargo. "Ought to be worn on a watch-chain or in her buttonhole."

Fin had his hand on his lips keeping his laughing apparatus in order until the solitary disappeared down the path to the trees, then he leaned my way.

"I know him, sor," he whispered. "He's a barrister down in Temple Bar. He don't remember me, sor, but I know him. He's always treadin' on something—something alive—always, sor, and wid both feet! He trod on me once. I thought it was him when I see him fust—but I wasn't sure till I asked Landlord Hull about him."

"How came you to know him?"

"Well, sor, he had an old lady on his list two years ago that was always disputin' distances and goin' to law about her cab fares. I picked her up one day in St. James Street and druv her to Kensington Gardens and charged her the rates, and she kicked and had me up before the magistrate, and this old ink-bottle appeared for her. She's rich and always in hot water. Well, we had it measured and I was right, and it cost her me fare and fifteen bob besides. When it was figured up she owed me sixpence more measurement I hadn't charged her for the first time, and I summoned her and made her pay it and twelve bob more to teach her manners. What pay he got I don't know, but I got me sixpence. He was born back here about a mile—that's why he comes here for his holiday."

Fin stopped stowing cargo—two bottles of soda, a piece of ice in a bucket, two canvases, my big easel and a lunch basket—and moving his cap back from his freckled forehead said with as much gravity as he could maintain:

"I ought to have been a barrister, sor; I started as one."

The statement did not surprise me. Had he added that he had coached the winning crew of the regatta the year before, laid the marquetry floors of Cliveden (not far away), or led the band at the late Lord Mayor's show, I should have received his statements with equal equanimity. So I simply remarked, "When was that, Fin?" quite as I should had I been gathering details for his biography—my only anxiety being to get the facts chronologically correct.

"When I was a gossoon of twenty, sor—maybe eighteen—I'm fifty now, so it's far back enough, God knows. And it all happened, too, not far from that old ink-bottle's place in Temple Bar. I was lookin' at it wan day last winter when I had a fare down there that I took up in old Bond Street. I did the sweepin' out and startin' fires. Wan day wan of the clerks got fired because he couldn't serve a writ on another barrister chap who owed a bill that me boss was tryin' to collect. Nobody could git into his rooms, try every way they could. He had nigh broke the head o' wan o' the young fellers in the office who tried it the day before. He niver come out, but had his grub sent him. This had been goin' on for a month. All kinds o' games had been put up on him and he beat 'em all.

"'I'll do it,' I says, 'in a week's time or less.' The manager was goin' through the office and heard the laugh they give me. 'What's this?' he says, cross-like. 'Fin says he kin serve the writ,' the clerk says. 'I kin,' I says, startin' up, 'or I'll throw up me job.'

"'Give him the writ,' he says, 'and give him two days off. It kin do no harm for him to try.'

"Well, I found the street and went up the stairs and read the name on the door and heard somebody walkin' around, and knew he was in. Then I lay around on the other side o' the street to see what I could pick up in the way o' the habits o' the rat. I knew he couldn't starve for a week at a time, and that something must be goin' in, and maybe I could follow up and git me foot in the door before he could close it, but I soon found that wouldn't work. Pretty soon milk come and went up in a basket that he let down from his winder. As he leaned out I saw his head, and it was a worse carrot then me own. Then along come a man with a bag o' coal on his back and a bit o' card in his hand with the coal yard on it and the rat's name underneath, a-lookin' up at the house and scratchin' his head as to where he was goin'.

"I crossed over and says, 'Who are ye lookin' for?' And he hands me the card. 'I'm his man,' I says, 'and I been waitin' for ye—me master's sick and don't want no noise. I'll carry the bag up and dump it and bring ye the bag back and a shillin' for yer trouble. Wait here. Hold on,' I says; 'take me hat and let me have yours, for I don't git a good hat every day, and the bag's that dirty it'll spile it.'

"'Go on,' he says; 'I've carried it all the way from the yard and me back's broke.' Well, I pulled his hat over me eyes and started up the stairs wid the bag on me shoulder. When I got to the fust landin' I run me hands over the bag, gittin' 'em good and black, then I smeared me face, and up I went another flight.

"'Who's there?' he says when I knocked.

"'Coals,' I says.

"'Where from?' he says.

"I told him the name on the card. He opened the door an inch and I could see a chain between the crack.

"'Let me see yer face,' he says. I twisted it out from under the edge of the bag. 'All right,' he says, and he slipped back the chain and in I went, stoopin' down as if it weighed a ton.

"'Where'll I put it?' I says.

"'In the box,' he says, walkin' toward the grate. 'Have ye brought the bill?'

"'I have,' I says, still keepin' me head down. 'It's in me side pocket. Pull it out, please, me hand's that dirty'—and out come the writ!

"Ye ought to have seen his face when he read it. He made a jump for the door, but I got there fust and downstairs in a tumble, and fell in a heap at the foot with everything he could lay his hands on comin' after me—tongs, shovel and poker.

"I got a raise of five bob when I went back and ten bob besides from the boss.

"I ought to have stayed at the law, sor; I'd be a magistrate by now a-sittin' on a sheepskin instead of——

"Where'll I put this big canvas, sor—up agin the bow or laid flat? The last coat ain't dry yet," he muttered to himself, touching my picture with his finger in true paper-hanger style. "Oh, yes, I see—all ready, sor, ye kin step in. Same place we painted yesterday, sor?—up near the mill? All right, sor." And we pushed out into the stream.

These talks with Fin are like telephone messages from the great city hardly an hour away. They always take place in the open, while I am floating among pond lilies or drifting under widespreading trees, their drooping leaves dabbling in the silent current like children's fingers, or while I am sitting under skies as blue as any that bend above my beloved city by the sea. Often, too, when the delicious silence about me is broken only by the lapping of the water around my punt, the sharpening of a bit of charcoal or the splash of a fish. That his stories are out of key with my surroundings, often reminding me of things I have come miles over the sea to forget, does not rob them of their interest. Somehow it seems to heighten it.

There is no warning given. Suddenly, and apparently without anything that leads up to the subject in mind, this irrepressible Irishman breaks out, and before I am aware of the change, the glory of the morning and all that it holds for me of beauty fades out of the slide of my mental camera and another takes its place. Again I am following Fin's cab through the mazes of smoky, seething London, now waiting outside a concert-hall for some young blood, or shopping along Regent Street, or at full tilt to catch a Channel train at Charing Cross—each picture enriched by a running account of personal adventure that makes them doubly interesting.

"You wouldn't mind, sor," he begins, "if I tell ye of a party of three I took home from a grand ball—one of the toppy balls of the winter, in one o' them big halls on the Strand? Two o' them was dressed like the Royal family in satins that stuck out like a haystack and covered with diamonds that would hurt yer eyes to look at 'em——" And then in his inimitable dialect—impossible to reproduce by any combination of vowels at my command, and punctured every few minutes by ringing laughs that can be heard half a mile away—follows a description of how one of his fares, Ikey by name, the son of the stoutest of the women, by a sudden lurch of his cab—Ikey rode outside—while rounding into a side street, was landed in the mud.

"Oh, that was a great night, sor," he rattles on. "Ye ought to 'a' seen him when I picked him up. He looked as if they'd been a-swobbin' the cobbles wid him. 'Oh, me son! me son! it's kilt ye are!' she hollered out, clawin' him wid both hands, and up they hauled him all over them satin dresses! And where do ye think I took 'em, sor? To Hanover Square, or out by St. James Park? No, sor, not a bit of it! Down in an alley in Whitechapel, sor, that ye'd be afraid to walk through after sundown, and into a shop wid three balls over it. What do ye think o' that, sor?"

Or he launches forth into an account of how he helped to rescue a woman's child from the clutches of her brutal husband; and of the race out King's Road followed by the husband in a hansom, and of the watchful bobbie who, to relieve a threatened block in the street, held up the pursuing hansom at the critical moment, thus saving the escaping child, half-smothered in a blanket, tight locked in its mother's arms, and earning for Fin the biggest fare he ever got in his life.

THE RESULT OF A MORNING'S WORK WITH FIN

"Think of it, sor! Fifteen bob for goin' a mile, she a-hollerin' all the time that she'd double the fare if I kep' ahead. But, Lord love ye, sor, she needn't 'a' worried; me old plug had run in the Derby wance, and for a short spurt like that she was game back to the stump of her tail."

. . . . . .

When the last morning of his enforced exile arrived and Fin, before I was half dressed, presented himself outside my bedroom door, an open letter in his hand, not a trace of the punt-poling Irishman was visible in his make-up!

He wore a glazed white tile, a yellow-brown coat with three capes, cut pen-wiper fashion, and a pair of corduroy trousers whose fullness concealed in part the ellipsis of his legs.

"Here's a letter from me boss, sor," he blurted out, holding it toward me. "He says I kin go to work in the mornin'. Ye don't mind, do ye, sor?"

"Of course I mind, Fin; I'll have trouble to fill your place. Are you sorry to leave?"

"Am I sorry, sor? No!—savin' yer presence, I'm glad. What's the good of the country, anyhow, sor, except to make picters in? Of course it's different wid you, sor, not knowin' the city, but for me—why, God rest yer soul, sor, I wouldn't give one cobble of the Strand no bigger'n me fist for the best farm in Surrey.

"Call me, sor, next time ye're passin' my rank—any time after twelve at night, and I'll show ye fun enough to last ye yer life."

Something dropped out of the landscape that day: something of its brilliancy, color and charm. The water seemed sluggish, the sky tones dull, the meadows flat and commonplace.

It must have been Fin's laugh!

A QUIET BACKWATER

Little Stories of the Stage

By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr.

THE average newspaper man gets a bit of every sort and phase of life in a year's work. From a hanging to a wedding is the mere taking of a car from the prison to the church. A big case in court, a fire, a politician's views, a found-drowned case, a scene of the streets—it's all the same to the newspaper man. And sometimes he's sent out to get "interviews."

MR. HACKETT IN THE PRISONER OF ZENDA

The men and women of the stage furnish the best "talk" for a newspaper. They may be this, that, or the other thing, but they're never dull. There's a relationship between them and the newspaper man, for one touch of Bohemia makes the two kin.

So much for preamble. Here is a little series of anecdotes and reminiscences jotted down offhand. They stretch back through half a dozen years of newspaper life—"interview assignments" crowded in between hangings, weddings, fires, and the thousand little jottings known as "news."

Mansfield and the Blue Pencil

THE two hardest stage folk to get interviews from are Sarah Bernhardt and Richard Mansfield. Bernhardt received nineteen of my visiting-cards before I gained an audience; and Mansfield played me a subtle trick.

We'll tell the last first. Mansfield, bar none, is the least understood of our actors. All sorts of tales with Mansfield in the rôle of unenviable hero find their way into the public prints. As a matter of fact, not one in fifty of these tales is true. But the result of these misrepresentations has been that Mansfield refuses to see interviewers. Yet there's a way to accomplish most things, and Mansfield consented to a chat of three very delightful hours—from midnight to three in the morning. And when, at last, I picked up my hat, I said to him, in the goodness of my heart: "So that there may be no danger of my misquoting you in any particular I'm going to write out this interview in the morning and send it up to you with a blue pencil. What you don't like, use the prerogative of editing."

The next day a column and a half of interview went up to Richard Mansfield in a bulky envelope. There was also inclosed a new blue pencil. I told the boy to wait a half-hour, and in my note I asked that Mr. Mansfield return the interview at his earliest opportunity, as I meant to use it in the paper the next day. Back came the boy in three-quarters of an hour. He said there was no answer.

I waited for two hours, then sent the boy back with another note to Mansfield, asking for the return of the manuscript. The boy returned minus the manuscript. He had a note in his hand—the same one I had sent the actor. At the bottom of it Mansfield had scribbled:

Dear Old Man:

Used up the blue pencil. Please send another.

RICHARD MANSFIELD.

I never saw the manuscript again.

Sarah Bernhardt's Surrender

AFTER eighteen visiting-cards had been sent up to Bernhardt's room within eight days, I scribbled on the nineteenth: "Please see me this time—or send back by bearer the eighteen visiting-cards that have preceded this one."

Then I was ushered into Bernhardt's room.

She was playing with a rose during the ten minutes' talk, and appeared to be half bored and half amused. She lay back in a big armchair and never changed her position once. For a woman supposed to be all nerves she was all repose. We talked in hybrid—here and there a French word grafted on to English—or vice versa. The room was in semi-darkness.

The particular thing she said that impressed me most was when she was asked which, in her estimation, was the greater, tragedy or comedy. "Tragedy," came the answer in a flash. "A clown can make the rustic laugh, but it needs intellectual strength and heart knowledge to make him cry."

"YOU DON'T MIND MY DOING THIS, DO YOU?"

Francis Wilson Plays Chess Between the Acts

FRANCIS WILSON combated this assertion one evening when we were chatting in his dressing-room. Wilson prefers to see his newspaper friends behind the scenes. He's usually playing chess with a member of his company. During the time he is dressing or changing costume or waiting he has his mind on that chess-board. Sometimes it takes four or five evenings of snatch moments to complete a game—sometimes a game is over in an evening. Sometimes one player is in the room studying the board—sometimes both. I recollect that one night when Wilson was playing in The Toreador as I stood in the wings I heard him say on the stage to one of the characters: "I moved a pawn—it's your move when you get off." In that way the chess game was hurried to a conclusion; and when one of the contestants was on the stage and the other in the dressing-room, the man in front of the chess-board could be thinking out his play.

But to Wilson's answer to Bernhardt. "She's all wrong," he said, "for tragedy isn't greater than comedy. The every-day life of the average man is tragic, isn't it? Isn't it a grim, unrelenting tragedy this going through life? Then I hold that the fellow who plays comedy gets outside of himself to do it—he 'puts an antic disposition on'—and he must 'act' to do it. Playing tragedy is merely being one's self—and isn't acting. Tell that to Bernhardt next time you see her, with my compliments."

William Crane's pet hobby is pinochle between scenes. He's a good talker in his dressing-room, and he can keep his mind on the interview and hold his cards at the same time. He's not a brilliant talker by any means, and impresses one more as a solid and successful business man than as an actor.

Anna Held, whether in her private parlor in the hotel or in her room behind the scenes, wants to talk dress to you from the second you come in until you leave. She is *bon camarade* at once, has no affectations, and treats you as one of the family. Before you get fairly seated she's rummaging around in closets to show you some new frocks she bought in Paris, and when you say "Very pretty" she mimics you with fine scorn and says: "'Very pretty—very pretty.' There doesn't live a man who could say anything else when he sees a handsome gown. A woman could talk for half an hour on this one ruffle. All you can say is 'Very pretty!'"

Then she bursts into laughter—and shows you another gown!

Faversham's Scheme to Get Rich

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM is merely a big, broad-shouldered, fine-looking Englishman, with a good wholesome laugh, and what may best be described as a "chummy" spirit. He is one of the matinée heroes, who, like Hackett, has no time nor inclination for the feminine worshipers at his shrine. Good sense seems to be his leading characteristic, and even though he has been made the hero of many a newspaper story and some silly girl the heroine, Faversham told me one day that he had the making of a fortune locked in one of his trunks. "What do you think it is?" he said. "Merely a big collection of newspaper clippings in which I figure as the most beautiful ass that ever was born. I have done this, that and the other thing according to these newspaper reports, and were I to sue for libel in any particular instance I could get tremendous damages. Why, my boy, I could give up acting to-day, devote all my time to sitting in court while my lawyers pleaded their cases for suits against the newspapers, and I should find it the most profitable employment that a man could take. I know I should be half a million dollars richer if I ever attempted the libel-suit game—for I'd win every suit."

May Irwin's Hobby is Baseball

MAY IRWIN off the stage and May Irwin on the stage are one and the same person—jolly as she can be, and anything that happens to be on the tip of her tongue is bound to come out. Baseball is her hobby, and she can give you the names, positions and batting order of any team in either League. She never misses a game of ball if she can help it, and always roots for the home team no matter in what city she happens to be. She's a kodak fiend, and on the occasion of her last visit to Philadelphia she showed me a collection of pictures she had taken the previous summer. Many of them were "wading pictures," as she termed them—and there was one lone feminine in each of the series. "Can you recognize the lady?" she asked, after eight or ten pictures had been passed over for inspection. And then off she went into peal after peal of laughter.

"Well, those terribly thin legs belong to Cissie—I mean Cecilia Loftus—Sir Henry Irving's leading woman."

I suggested to her that she allow me to enlarge the pictures so she could use them as three-sheet posters in England. "Wouldn't they make a hit, though? Fancy all England staring!" She paused for a second, and then said solemnly: "There's a world of difference between Cissie and me when we go in wading together."

Mrs. Kendal's Passion for Knitting

MRS. KENDAL has always prided herself on her domestic traits. She always has wanted the dear American public to know her as a model of motherly and wifely devotion.

Mrs. Kendal sent down word when my card went upstairs that she'd see me in five minutes, so I was prepared for a pose of some sort. One always is when one goes interviewing.

There sat the good lady in her room—knitting. She showed me to a chair. "You don't mind my doing this, do you?" she said apologetically. "You see, I knit all my husband's socks—he seems to like mine best, you know—and then, too, I love to do it. If more women of the stage would only look after their husbands' comfort——"

MRS. CARTER IS ANOTHER OF THE ALL-NERVE SCHOOL

She was still knitting the socks when I said good-by!

Sir Henry Irving likes to interview you while you're interviewing him. He is simplicity itself in dress, speech and bearing.

The last time we met was in a railroad train on the way to Princeton, whither the distinguished actor was bound to deliver his lecture on Bacon.

"What's going to be the future of your country?" he asked. "Twenty years ago I went along what is now the River Drive in New York. I saw nothing but shanties and goats, and clothes hanging out to dry. Now I see magnificent palaces. It's like a page from the Arabian Nights, is this wonderful country."

You ask him a question and he'll ponder over it before answering. Then out pops a question, or a series of them to you:

"How old is Pierpont Morgan? I hear that most of your laboring men own their own homes. Is that true? What is the wage of the average newspaper man? How many years do you think will elapse before America absorbs England?"

He impresses you as a man who never would talk for talk's sake—one who never poses—one to whom life is a serious problem.

Yet there's a twinkle in his restless eyes, and a smile perpetually hovers around his serious mouth.

Reginald de Koven Can't Sit Still

REGINALD DE KOVEN couldn't sit still for two minutes if his life depended on it—that is, when he's being interviewed. Up and down the room he walks, lighting cigarettes and throwing them away.

"TELL THAT TO BERNHARDT, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS"

NETHERSOLE SEEMS TO EXUDE LANGUOR

He wants everything he says put down in long hand and read to him as he goes along in his talk. Then, too, he has a queer trick of saying: "Now suppose you ask me thus and so, and I will answer so and so."

He continually suggests to you the questions he wishes you to put to him, and continues to walk up and down the room and consume great quantities of cigarettes.

E. S. Willard likes to talk of his work. He, like Sothern, is very earnest, but much more aggressive. His face is that of the student and thinker. I asked him once which of his rôles he best liked. He laughed: "Ask a mother which of her children is her favorite. Her answer invariably will be, 'The last.' So with the actor. His characters are his brain children, and his favorite is the one that has been last born to him. He likes all of his rôles, but he loves the last. It is the Joseph of his brain."

Lillian Russell Can't Take a Joke

LILLIAN RUSSELL in a black silk gown in her room at the hotel was much more beautiful than Lillian Russell bepainted and bepowdered on the stage.

In the course of the chat I asked: "What would you rather be if you were not what you are?" She thought for half a minute: "I think I'd like to be a Dutch wife, knitting coarse socks and surrounded by about fifteen of my youngsters."

The printed interview appeared next day, and the newspaper artist drew the radiant Lillian in a Dutch gown, complacently rocking in a chair, her chubby hands busy with her knitting, and about a hundred Dutch youngsters sprawling on the floor around her.

That day I met Miss Russell on the street. She cut me dead and has never spoken to me since.

John Hare is very quiet and diffident in his dressing-room—modest, unassuming and very careful in his choice of words. He does not, as do the majority of foreigners, say pleasant things of America merely because he thinks pretty phrases will strike pleasingly on our ears. He is bluntly honest, as witness his interviews on American stars.

"You have too many stars in America," he said. "In the two or three years that elapsed between my visits a full score of male stars sprang into the theatric firmament. They do not—with very rare exceptions—display star ability. On our side of the water they would be leading men—some of them merely fair at that. Over here one of your young men plays for three or four seasons and is then made a leading man. Two years of leading—and lo, the following season he's a star! Certainly I can believe that America is a very rapid country." There is a fine touch of irony in his voice, and he taps his long, slender fingers together as he leans back in his chair.

"Your women? A hundred per cent. cleverer players than your men. They have the temperament for actresses, have the American women—and acting comes easy to them."

Mr. Hawtrey's Sameness

A CERTAIN player told me one day that Charles K. Hawtrey was no actor. "Did you ever meet him off the stage?" he asked me. "Yes? And did you ever see him acting? Yes? Well, isn't he the same chap off the stage as he is on—courteous, polished, educated, with manners above reproach, with a voice superbly modulated? In other words, a gentleman to his finger-tips? Well, that's exactly how he is on the stage. He doesn't change a particle. He merely goes before the footlights—possibly changes his clothes, but is Charles K. Hawtrey first, last and all the time."

Though disagreeing thoroughly with my friend the actor as regards Mr. Hawtrey's art, Mr. Hawtrey the actor is much the same man as Mr. Hawtrey in his room. All the good which my friend said of Hawtrey is true. He is the polished gentleman at every turn, but he is also a very clever fellow.

"A CLOWN CAN MAKE THE RUSTIC LAUGH"

While taking his art seriously, Mr. Hawtrey doesn't think very highly of it. "I think that acting," he said, "is least among the arts, because it can never stand alone. Painting, literature, music—all those need creative faculties, but the actor can give you—well, here's the way I figure it: the actor appears in a play. Now, any credit that he may get, at least half of it, is due the playwright, for the playwright creates the character. Therefore the actor gets half, but he cannot get all that half unless he should play the whole play by himself—characters, scenery and everything. But there are ten or twelve characters, we'll say, and each of these feeds and rounds out his interpretation. Therefore when it is all said and done the actor doesn't even get half. The painter leaves his canvass to posterity, the musician his opera, the sculptor his statue; the actor leaves but a memory and nothing else."

When Jefferson Will Make His Farewell

JOE JEFFERSON is a quizzical, kindly old gentleman off the stage, and, like Mansfield, doesn't wish to be misquoted. You must promise to bring the written interview to him. Then you read it to him twice. The first time he listens. The second time he suggests. I remember on one occasion spending fifteen minutes with him on one sentence, because it wasn't "symmetrical." "It doesn't hit the ear right," he explained. "There isn't music in it—and every sentence should have a certain note and a certain cadence."

I asked him when he would give up acting. "When they carry me out feet first," he answered. "I can't give it up. I make my seasons' short nowadays—play only about ten weeks—two and one-half months. I do that merely to keep on the stage. A good part of the winter I stay in Florida and fish. That's my work. Acting is my recreation—and I must have a little of it every year, just as a fellow has his vacation. Once in a while I paint, too. But all fishing and painting and no acting would make me a very dull old boy indeed. So back I rush to the stage, and find more fun in it than my audiences do."

"GIVE UP ACTING?"

E. H. Sothern seldom smiles when you're chatting with him. He takes life seriously, takes his profession seriously. He is cultured, courteous, repressed, talks in a low tone, and impresses one as a man of quiet reserve who is generally master of the situation. "All striving," he said one evening—"that is, all honest striving—tends but one way—forward. The actor's calling is much the same as any other calling that has intellectual effort as its fundamental—you must learn more and do more each successive year or you are not worthy of your craft."

Olga Nethersole seems to exude languor—as if she hadn't quite finished her sleep, or else was lacking in physical strength. Her face is pale and listless. "What little strength I have," she said with a smile one evening after the performance, "is a nervous strength. This week I shall have played seven different rôles, and I prefer that to a whole week devoted to one character only. That tires me more than anything else—it's seven times more wearing on me than playing seven different rôles."

Melba Never Puts on Grand Opera Airs

MELBA never puts on grand opera airs, although she sings them. The day I saw her at her hotel she wore a dowdy brown gown, wore no ornament of any kind, and looked poor and ill-taken-care-of. Far from attempting to pose she seemed to be going to the other extreme, and to be thoroughly indifferent to the "power of the press."

"You can stay only five minutes," she said. "I never see any one on the day I'm to sing, and I've made to-day an exception. I have my maid lock the door, and I either go to bed or lie on the couch. Then I make signs to her—don't use my voice a particle if I can help it—give it a complete and absolute rest. So you ask the questions, and I'll merely say 'Yes' or 'No' to them."

Her method is somewhat like Nat Goodwin's. Goodwin nearly always has a headache—or says he has, which is much the same thing.

You catch him in his dressing-room and he shakes hands and motions you to sit on his trunk. Then his unvarying method is: "I've a beast of a headache, old man. You shove anything at all into print that won't hurt me, and I'll subscribe to it. You make up any old interview that you want—only for Heaven's sake don't ask me questions. I couldn't think to-night if my precious neck hung in the balance. Whatever you say is all right, and we'll let it go at that. Don't go—just sit a while and tell me the news. I'm in a listening mood to-night."

James Hackett on the Matinée Girl

THE average matinée hero is usually a namby-pamby sort of an individual. But not so James K. Hackett. He impresses you as a strong, sturdy chap, chock-full of good sense, and the last man in the world to pay heed to a romantic letter from a matinée girl. He has aggressiveness and individuality to a marked degree, and his self-reliance has found an outlet in the past two years in the taking upon himself the managing of his own enterprises. Hackett is now known as an actor-manager, and his dual duties keep him busy.

He said this one evening of the matinée girl: "She's a sweet, irresponsible thing with book knowledge and no world experience. She's in the chrysalis state—and through it we all go, men and women alike. It lasts such a little while, like all the sweet things of life, and when it's gone there's nothing to fill its place. The matinée girl and the fellow of twenty-one alike have the world at their feet."

SIR HENRY IRVING LIKES TO INTERVIEW YOU

Harry Kellar, the magician, is a bundle of nerves—not only when being interviewed, but at all times. Quick, wiry, strong as a bull, and so mentally constituted that he reads everything and at all times. His hobby is palmistry—and he'd rather talk that than magic.

"Never saw such a timid hand in my life as Mansfield's," he said last September. "I can easily believe what he told me: that he gets stage fright every night of his life. But Bernhardt—I don't believe there's a more self-reliant hand in the world than hers. When I read her hand and told her of her self-reliance she laughed and said: 'This is the age of the self-reliant women. Our grandmothers were grandmothers before their time because they sat meekly down and allowed themselves to grow old.'"

Mrs. Carter is another of the all-nerve school. She can't sit still when being interviewed. She thinks quickly and speaks quickly, and has rather positive notions on the problem plays. "The theatre," she said, "is not meant for children, neither is the problem play. For children, the nursery; for grown folks, the theatre. And the play that teaches that the wages of sin is death can never be pretty in the unfolding of plot—but it is positive, unyielding, and terror-striking in its ending and its moral. And that's the educational force of the drama."

Josef Hoffman Starves at Dinner

JOSEF HOFFMAN, the pianist, is the most democratic chap in the public eye. He carries a dollar watch with a cracked crystal and hates course dinners.

One evening about half-past five he sat and chatted in the corridor of the hotel. He had a dinner engagement and he did not relish the prospect.

"I hate course dinners," he said. "Down you sit in front of the oysters, toy with one, get it on your fork, eat it. Then the woman to your right asks your views of Italian music. You start in to chat, and before you know it some waiter has whisked your oysters away, and put a plate of soup in front of you. One mouthful of that, and the lady to your left speaks of the time she was in Berlin two years ago. Has there been much change in the city in two years? You're interested, and begin to talk Berlin to her. Just as you're growing enthusiastic along comes the waiter, takes your soup and deposits the fish. At the same time your vis-à-vis queries to you concerning Strauss—what is Strauss' standing in Vienna? You try to tell her—the conversation veers to waltz music against march music—and Sousa crops into the talk—and away goes your fish untasted.

JULIA MARLOWE'S WONDERFUL SMILE

"And so it goes through the entire dinner—and I never get a thing to eat. Give me a little German restaurant, a good fat steak and half an hour; then I'll come away feeling that the course dinner is a delusion and a snare, made for

(Concluded on Page 23)

SOTHERN TAKES HIS PROFESSION SERIOUSLY

THE SHOW-DOWN

By Henry K. Webster

IN WHICH THE DUDDLESTON STONE COMPANY SHOWS THE X. Y. Z. SOME NEW TRICKS IN ROUGH-AND-READY RAILROADING

BUFFALO, N. Y., 5-3-'03.

A. B. Smith, M'n'g'r
The Duddleston Stone Company.

Sir: If I wasn't doing anything but make excuses I would take the trouble to make better ones than the one you've been giving me for a month. At least, I would get up a new one once in a while. Yesterday I wired the General Manager of the X. Y. Z. to know why he did not furnish you with cars to carry my stone. I inclose copy of his reply. Now that I have got you pinned, please understand that unless you get the stone here p. d. q. the contract is canceled, and I'll have damages out of you besides.

Enc. Yours, etc., T. T. COLLIER.

The enclosure follows.

TELEGRAM.

T. T. Collier, Buffalo: Duddleston has had all cars he can use for last month. Reported five times for delaying cars sent to him. What he needs is the stone.
VAN HORN.

It was easy to see from that letter that Collier was mad, and with reason. A man who, while he has been doing his best, has had to stand the kind of abuse they heap upon a dilatory contractor for a public building, a patient man whose patience has been taxed to the breaking point, may be expected to be indignant when he hears that those who have his success in their hands have been sitting back and lying to him. But if you could have looked from the letter on Smith's desk to the expression on Smith's face you would have seen that, if possible, Smith was madder than Collier. For it was not Smith but Van Horn who had lied and he had done it with a coolness, an attention to detail—"Reported five times," etc.—that made Smith feel as though he must do something or burst. What he did was what he had done before in such circumstances: he telephoned out to the quarries for Edwards, the superintendent.

When Edwards came in, half an hour later that morning, he took the situation more coolly. "It's like Van Horn to make a slick and clean job of it like that," he said. Then he lighted his pipe and sat down to think it over.

"They've found out," said Smith, "the X. Y. Z. people, I mean, that we're going to build that belt line and get out from under their thumb. I knew they'd try one of two things when they found out. They might begin to be decent to us and try to square themselves, or they might sail in to do us all the damage they could and perhaps bust us up before we could get our belt line running. Well, it's plain enough now what they mean to do. They've made a good start. It won't break us to be queered with Collier, but it'll hurt. We'll have to stand this thing for six months, anyway."

"Hadn't we better have a show-down?" Edwards asked. "We've been telling Collier the truth, or mighty near to it. They haven't given us more than five cars on any day for a month now, and sometimes only two. When we need fifteen, two don't count for much. Let's get him to come out and look the place over. He can see for himself that we've got the stone, and we can prove we haven't had any cars to speak of by the carbons of our daily car orders. He can see the thing for a month back."

Smith picked up a telegraph blank and wrote: "*Van Horn lied to you. Come and see for yourself.*" "That ought to do," he said, handing it to Edwards.

Collier read that telegram when it came with something like satisfaction. He was going to find out now where the trouble lay; he was going to prove that somebody was an unequivocal liar, and that, to a man in his state of mind, was a pleasant prospect. To tie the knot perfectly tight, however, to put the issue utterly beyond evasion, he telegraphed to Van Horn, word for word, this message just in from Smith, and in the middle of the afternoon he got his reply: "*That's all I want. Go and see for yourself.*" When that message came in Mr. Collier reserved a berth on the night train and wired Smith that he would be out at the quarry next morning.

When Smith got that he telephoned it to Edwards at the quarry and both of them settled down after the day's excitement with a good deal of satisfaction at the outcome. There was really a good deal more than Collier's contract at stake. He was only one of many contractors all about the country who had been hungry and clamorous for stone since the X. Y. Z. had begun denying the company cars, and both the manager and the superintendent had the feeling that this Collier matter was a test case. And now that he was coming in person they were sure that they could convince him that they were not at fault.

They would have been a little less sure about it if they had known of the telegram he had sent to Van Horn that afternoon, and could have read the manager's reply: "That's all I want. Go and see for yourself." They knew Van Horn pretty well, and liked him, too, for even when he played them a low trick he did it in an impersonal way which disarmed resentment. But they knew he was "out for results" and that the means he took to get them were often devious, and they knew that however he might bluff upon occasions, he was too good a player to do so in a situation like this when his hand was sure to be called.

A little before quitting-time that afternoon Edwards, who had been going hither and thither among the men with a terse order here, a suggestion there, occasionally lending his own great muscles to a heavy bit of lifting, climbed to the top of a great mass of rocks and looked over the scene. A seafaring man might have seen in the mighty masts and booms of the score of derricks, and the tangle of guys and ropes, a suggestion of ships lying in a busy harbor; a lad fresh from his books might have fancied that those huge blocks of gray stone, irregularly piled, as they lay in the fading light, were some Cyclopean ruin; but to Edwards it looked like nothing but a quarry.

He nodded his head once or twice in satisfaction. When Collier should stand here to-morrow morning and see what he saw—the newly cut faces in the sides of the quarry, the great piles of stone ready and waiting, the long ranks of men lifting and dropping their heavy iron bars in unbroken rhythm—well, if Collier's eyes were open he would know whose fault it was that he didn't get the stone. But presently he frowned and struck his hands together impatiently. That might do very well as an object-lesson for Collier, but from their own point of view it wasn't so satisfactory. How long was the X. Y. Z. going to keep this up, anyway? If they didn't get cars pretty soon, who would care whose fault it was?

The Duddleston Stone Company owned, had owned, rather, a little switching locomotive which pushed the empties on the single track alongside the biggest derrick which stood in the middle of the quarry, and hauled them out again when they were loaded, but a week before its air-brakes had failed to work at an inopportune moment, and it had run off the stub end of a track, fallen about three feet, and converted itself in less than a second from an inferior little switching locomotive into a cloud of steam and a heap of scrap. The two men had jumped in time to save themselves, and as the engine was near the end of its career, anyway, its loss was not greatly mourned. So long as Edwards did not get more than five cars a day he did not need an engine, for the boom of his big derrick was long enough to load that many without moving them. But in the hope of getting more cars than that, until the new engine they had ordered should arrive, Smith chartered one by the day from the X. Y. Z.

While Edwards stood on his pinnacle looking at the scene below him he saw this little engine bunt the two cars the X. Y. Z. had sent them that day up the track to the place where they were to be loaded. Then he saw an under foreman say something to the engineer, whereupon the engine with a long-drawn screech clattered off over the switches and on to the main track, where it presently disappeared.

Edwards in some surprise clambered down and sought the foreman.

"What did you tell them to do with that engine?" he asked.

"The superintendent telephoned out to them to go out to Sandhurst. There's some trouble on the road out there. It's quitting-time and we don't need an engine for those two measly flats, so I told them to go ahead."

Edwards nodded. It was quite true that they had no further use for a locomotive that day, but for all that he stood for a minute looking uneasily down the track.

"There wasn't anything you wanted them for this evening, was there?" asked the foreman. The big siren whistle on the power-house just then began the song which meant supper and a good night's sleep to the four hundred and more workers in the quarry, and both men waited for the blast to die away.

"No," said Edwards. "No, I guess not."

He went to the office and changed his coat, and then started off for his home near by, but he came back in a minute or two and hunted up the night watchman. "If anything out of the ordinary happens to-night come over and rout me out," he said to him.

He was really puzzled to find an explanation for his apprehensiveness. He could think of no conceivable use to which he could put that engine between now and morning, and they would probably send it back by then. He told his wife about it after supper, and between them they could see nothing to worry about. "I suppose," he said at last, "that I'm sort of skittish because Collier's going to be here in the morning. But Collier isn't coming from Buffalo to see any little one-horse X. Y. Z. locomotive."

He always went to bed early and at eleven o'clock his wife had difficulty in getting him wide enough awake to understand that somebody was ringing the doorbell. He shuffled sleepily downstairs and opened the door, but he got himself together with a jerk when he recognized the night watchman.

"What's wrong?" he asked sharply.

"Nothing's wrong," said the man slowly. "I don't know as I ought to have waked you up. I wouldn't have done it if you hadn't told me——"

"Well! Well!" demanded Edwards. "Let's have it. Is the mill afire?"

"No, nothing's wrong, I tell you," stammered the watchman. "Only they're shoving a whole train of cars up the stub-end track beside the main derrick."

"How many?"

"I didn't wait to count 'em," the man expostulated. "I should say about a quarter of a mile of 'em."

Edwards said he would be at the quarry in a few minutes himself, shut the door after the watchman, and then stood there in the drafty hall thinking the situation out, until his wife called to him. He answered, as his visitor had, that nothing was wrong; then he went back to his bedroom and slowly began putting on his clothes, replying to his wife's questions, when he replied at all, so absently that she soon gave up trying to get anything out of him.

But by the time he got to the quarry he had decided what he must do next, though he was still a long way from the final solution of the problem. "Come in here," he called to the watchman as he unlocked the power-house door, "come in and help me get up steam." That was the first thing to do and they did it as expeditiously as possible, though when the watchman asked him what he meant to do with it he said he didn't know.

He left the watchman to stoke the fires and went into his office, where he sat down to think out the next step. He was a man of no very quick perceptions, and a little meditation was always necessary to him after any new matter had been brought to his attention. It was this fact which led Van Horn to underestimate him. When the watchman first told him they had shunted a long string of empties up the quarry track it struck him merely as a rather grim bit of luck that all those cars should be lying empty on the track when Collier came "to see for himself" in the morning. He was half dressed before he recalled the loss of his locomotive, and he had nearly reached the quarry when it came over him that

there was no luck about it, but, instead, some of Van Horn's very good management. Van Horn must know, then, that Collier was coming.

Well, it was easy to make sure of that, Edwards thought, and now in his office he went to the telephone and called up the X. Y. Z. yardmaster.

"You people took away my locomotive this afternoon," he said, "and to-night you've sent me a string of thirty-three cars to load. I can load but five cars from the derrick without an engine, and I'll have to ask you to send me one."

"I'm sorry I can't do it, Mr. Edwards," said the yardmaster with unwonted politeness. "I can possibly spare an engine to-night. And I don't believe we can give you one to-morrow, either, but we will, if possible."

They weren't afraid to show down all their cards, anyway. Edwards turned back to the 'phone after a minute and called up Smith. Edwards felt competent to run the quarry without asking help from anybody, but when it came to playing a game like this with Van Horn he wanted Smith at his elbow. So when the exchange said that double twenty-two wouldn't answer, he said, "Ring till you get 'em. It's a life and death matter." And at last he got Smith, half-asleep at first, but soon wide-awake enough for anybody. "Come right out to the quarry," he said. "No, nothing's afire, but the X. Y. Z. have got us by the short hairs, I guess, in this Collier deal. They've just given us thirty-three cars and no locomotive."

"All right," said Smith, "I'll come." And Edwards sat down to do some more thinking.

It was an axiom with him that at this quarry you could load only five cars without the help of a switch engine. He had tried all he knew to get an engine and was at the end of his rope. Perhaps Smith could get one. If he couldn't he would have to arrange this case with the view to presenting it to Collier as favorably as possible.

But now as Edwards sat there it occurred to him to doubt his axiom. Was it possible, by any ingenious piece of juggling, with no engine at all, with only the power his big loading derrick could supply, to load that string of thirty-three cars. The problem was like that on the puzzle page of a Sunday newspaper.

He rested his elbows on his desk and ran his hands through his thick hair. But there seemed to be no chance for any juggling; the conditions were too simple. There was half a mile of curving single track between his derrick and the nearest switch, down grade all the way except for a small level stretch about the derrick. Twenty-five yards beyond the derrick the track ended, and just beyond lay a monument of scrap-iron, the earthly remains of his old engine. He could load the first five cars under the derrick, let off the brakes and the whole train would roll down the grade, the five loaded cars pushing the twenty-eight empties merrily along in front of them. But by the time they all got down to the switch those twenty-eight empties would be as far beyond his reach, without an engine to haul them back, as though they were in Chicago. He had a car-puller attached to his derrick, it was true, but he had no half-mile of cable, and even if he could have pieced such a thing together, the curve, amounting to nearly ninety degrees, would make it useless.

No, that wouldn't work. If only his track extended three hundred yards farther up the quarry! Then he could work the train up past the derrick, load the last cars first, and let them slip down the grade as they were loaded to make way under the derrick for the succeeding empties. But the track didn't extend three hundred yards farther and there was no use—— And then Edwards banged his hands down on the desk, sprang up and flung open the door.

The watchman was on the way over to speak to him and he sung out as he saw him open the door: "There's steam enough, I guess, Mr. Edwards."

"Good," said Edwards. "Go back and blow the old siren. Blow her three or four times to beat the band."

The siren sounded horribly loud as she shrieked out in that quiet night, and before the third blast and its attendant echoes from the faces of the hills had died away the workmen who lived nearest by were stumbling half-dressed out of their little houses and making for the quarry on the run. They were disposed to growl a little at being routed out of bed in the middle of the night for anything less momentous than a fire, but Edwards collected the first two dozen arrivals about the main derrick and made them a little speech.

"Now, in the first place," he said, "this is a case of double pay, and, in the next place, if we get this job done on time we'll knock off at noon Saturday for the day. Is Sykes here? All right, Sykes, get a couple of men to stoke for you and start the engine. You've got steam enough."

During Smith's long, cold ride on the last trolley car to the quarry he went through a variety of moods and came to a variety of contradictory conclusions. That was like him. He was quick; he could reach six conclusions while Edwards was pegging along toward one, and if he had some one with him to point out the right one he did very well, indeed, but he needed the ballast his subordinate supplied him with—and he knew it.

He had seen through the trick instantly, and his first feeling was of quiet contempt for such child's play. It would be easy enough to prove to Collier when those cars had come in. But as he thought further the case didn't seem so easy. Collier was disposed to take it for granted that they had lied and Van Horn had told the truth, and the proofs, which were in the hands of the railroad people, might be hard to get. And then the first thing he would see would be that string of empty cars. The prospect wasn't a pleasant one. Smith could just see the incredulous smile on Collier's face, a smile which his most elaborate explanations would fail to get behind.

And then there were a lot more besides Collier. Suppose the X. Y. Z. shouldn't give them that locomotive for two or three days! Those cars would lie there delayed on their private track, and that sort of thing was a matter of record. When Hibbard began to kick, as he would in a week or two, there would be nothing they could tell him.

Well, there was nothing they could do about it. Smith didn't see what was the use in his coming out here to the quarry in the middle of the night, anyway.

That was his mood as he climbed off the car, walked across the deserted stretch over to the quarry, and began stumbling along the rough path to the office. If Edwards hadn't told him that nothing was afire he would have run, for the sky was lighted up with a great blaze in the quarry, and the shouts of many men, among them Edwards', told him that something unusual was going on.

—STARED IN CLEAR WONDER AT THE SCENE BELOW HIM

Once at the crest of the hill he stopped short and stared in clear wonder at the scene below him. Beyond the big derrick a great heap of blazing pine slabs filled the wide stone pit with light, except where the derricks, the piles of stone and the moving figures of the men cast a tangle of waving shadows. But Smith wasn't looking at the lights or the shadows. The men were working like beavers in the firelight, the big derrick was squealing under a heavy load which rode slowly into the air and hung there bodily between Smith's eyes and the bonfire, rocking a little from side to side like a ship riding at anchor in an easy swell. It was on that load that Smith's incredulous gaze was riveted. It looked for all the world like a freight car, and now as the derrick mast turned in its socket and the thing moved out of its own shadow, there was no doubt about it. It was a freight car, a big gondola! As they lowered it to the ground more or less gently, Smith counted three more like it standing in ridiculously irregular positions about the quarry.

They were lifting those cars off the track and stacking them in heaps about the yard as if they had been so many hen-coops. Even while Smith stood looking they picked up another one. Two men would crawl under a car lengthwise, each dragging a cable. Then they would make fast the four ends to the big hook hanging at the end of the boom, and then—"Up with her, boys!" in hardly more time than I am taking to tell about it. When they had taken all the derrick could reach they hooked the car-puller cable to the nearest car of the string and hauled up five more.

At last Smith clambered down and found Edwards. "What the devil are you trying to do?" he demanded. "Getting up an imitation of a head-on collision?"

"It does look a little like that," said Edwards. "They have to stand around just as they happen to light. No, I'm just getting them out of the way so I can load the last five first. Then I'll put these back and load them as they come."

Smith's amazement wore off slowly, but at last he began to laugh.

"What's it about?" Edwards asked.

"I'd give fifty dollars to have Van Horn see this," said the manager.

"If he was here," said Edwards more slowly, "I'd give him a ride in one of his own cars like nothing he's ever had before."

They had used up all the space around the main derrick by now, so they passed them along from one to another back into the quarry, and it took a little longer. But at last Edwards, after a glance at the string up the track shouted, "Hold on! Here's the last five. Load 'em up."

They loaded them accordingly, and then another five which they put back on the rails for the purpose.

"Well," said Edwards at last, "Van Horn only had a four flush, after all."

Smith nodded appreciatively. "I guess this cinches Mr. Collier," he said.

Giant Transplanting

UNTIL recently the man who laid out parks about a new house planted for posterity. Now a New York man has developed an apparatus by which a giant tree that has been growing one or two hundred years may be deftly extracted, carried to the desired point and replanted without subjecting it to the slightest injury.

A great trucklike contrivance is hauled to the tree, the roots of which have been partly laid bare by digging. The rear wheels and reach of the vehicle are detached and the long tongue is raised upright. A saddle which fits over huge wheels is forced against the lower part of the tree, and the pole of the truck is then fastened securely to the trunk of the tree. Chains are then so attached to the roots that the lowering of the tongue by means of a windlass or other power provides a giant lever and fulcrum, and the tree is gradually pried out of the ground.

When it reaches a horizontal position the rear wheels of the big contrivance are brought into place, and without further manipulation the tree is ready for transportation.

At the place of replanting it is readily raised upright by simple operations of the same device, and deposited in the new soil. The apparatus is on such a huge scale that the transplanting of the biggest trees growing on the Atlantic Coast may be effected without the necessity of cutting or breaking a limb.

The Balance-Sheet of the Session

By William Allen White

A SURVEY OF THINGS DONE AND LEFT UNDONE BY THE MOST IMPORTANT PEACE CONGRESS THE COUNTRY HAS YET KNOWN

AMERICANS are little given to parades. Clanking swords and rooster feathers have no place in American life. We hate kings, not because they are kings and have power, but because kings are shams, and we hate shams and make-believe. The power of the Government—particularly of the National Government—is not epitomized nor staged for the simple-minded. There is only one regular annual parade, and that occurs at the close of each session of Congress. A few hours before Congress is scheduled to adjourn the President and his Cabinet leave the White House in carriages for the Capitol. They arrive at the north wing of the building, and scoot through the narrow basement doors, and then a black-garbed, set-faced, high-hatted, frock-coated group, arranged hit-or-miss, with the President in front, and perhaps a Secretary, perhaps a Cabinet member, perhaps a supernumerary, beside him, hurries down the caverns of the basement to the elevator that lifts one nearest to the President's room back of the Senate Chamber. The spectacle is a dignified compromise between a ferryboat rush and the arrival of a number of belated pall-bearers. Yet this simple show is the only Government fête that must be celebrated every year. And this occasion, when the President sits in his room near the Senate, ready to sign such bills as may be passed at the last moment, is virtually the only time in the year when the President appears in public solely and entirely as a President; as the head official, and not in some sense the political, social or personal representative of a great people. On the fourth of March this year President Roosevelt, who has a passably good poker face for public ceremonies, could not entirely conceal his satisfaction at the culmination of things in the Congress.

For though much was left undone which should have been done, and that is unfortunate, nothing was done which should not have been done, and that is the surest test of a good Congress or a bad one. And for the President there was this personal satisfaction: it was his Congress. Though it refused to do three important things which he asked it to do, and which he hoped it would do: ratify the Canal and Cuban treaties and enact the Philippine tariff law, it did nothing which was known of men as offensive or even antagonistic to the President. There was no important veto during the whole life of the Fifty-seventh Congress. And this was not because Roosevelt yielded any vital point to Congress, but because on many important matters Congress yielded to the President. The tactlessness of Roosevelt—a diplomatic term for his absolute truthfulness—which has been supposed to offend statesmen during his Presidential incumbency, has been more apparent than real. For no other President of the United States, not even McKinley with all his adroitness, has got more from Congress of what it was at first determined not to give than has President Roosevelt. He may have a breeziness that contrasts with the hushed, formal-garden air of conventional leadership, but so long as the buzz-saw is going it makes little difference whether the sawdust lies in a conical pile or fills the adjacent atmosphere. Roosevelt, while he is sawing wood, likes to keep his sawdust in the air. It is merely a matter of taste. His wood-pile is as large as any one's, and that is the real thing.

Congress this year ended in a double-headed deadlock in the Senate and an angry flash of vicious filibustering, complicated with hissing for the Speaker, in the House. It was all unpleasant. And because the final impression one gets of Congress this year is a sense of bickering and spite work, the taxpayers who foot the bills may be prone to think that the whole short session of Congress has been frittered away in child's play. The truth is that the short session of Congress, from the first of December to the fourth of March, has been one of the busiest and most efficient sessions of Congress ever held. Over a thousand private bills have been passed—mostly private pension bills—and about one hundred and fifteen general acts have become laws. Of course, most of these general acts have been appropriation bills of one sort and another. But some big things have been done. It is possible that no other single session of Congress, and certainly no short session, has made so many laws that may change the current and tendency of American affairs as the short session of the Congress last past. If the session had closed with the enactment of nothing more important than the bill creating the Department of Commerce it would have done a big work. That act and the department which it created are too important to be covered incidentally to another subject, and must be treated separately, but it must be said in passing that no single legislative act since the Missouri Compromise will affect American business, and hence American life, as this act must affect them, as it grows and becomes a part of this Government. Thousands of interests that have known no

Federal regulation and control will be welded to the Government hereafter, and can only grow and develop under the hands of Congress and the President. By the creation of this Department of Commerce literally all the vast field of business will come gradually, during the next twenty years and thereafter, as closely under the supervision and inspection of the Federal Government as the common carriers and foreign commerce and foreign affairs and relations have come during the nineteenth century. For this is a rapidly moving age and a tendency to-day is a marked course to-morrow, and Congress once having taken hold of commerce will not let go.

A Step Toward Socialism

IT MAY be a step toward socialism; if so, well and good: the step will not be retraced. And in the other acts of the Congress just adjourned there are equally distinct indications that the American people have in a measure abandoned the *laissez-faire* theory of Federal relations with the branch of life we call business. The subconscious moral sense of the people has come to a distinct realization of the fact that crimes are as possible in what we call high finance as they are in lower quarters. Time was when success in business was sacred. The millionaire was by his very millions a curiosity and a subject of awe, and hence of respect. But the millionaire has become so common that reverence for him is gone, and there is a distinct feeling among all classes of American citizens that common honesty must be included in success or the success is spurious. There is a feeling that new crimes deserve new laws. The anti-trust laws, passed by the session of Congress last past, are tendrils of American feeling reaching out for a brace and a protection against the hitherto unbranded and shameless villainy of those who make what is respected as brain-work a cloak for plotting to plunder the people. The law which gives precedence on the dockets of the courts to prosecutions under the anti-trust laws is a bald national confession that the suspected violator of honesty in high places is not worthy of the same consideration in the courts that the law gives to a pickpocket. The law preventing rebate-giving by railroads is not a strong law by itself. The maximum fine possible for conviction for violating the law is ridiculously small. But the amount of the fine is not important. The fact that another law gives the President a right to proclaim the rebates which a railroad is giving to its customers carries much weight. For the moment the amount of rebates each customer of a railroad is getting becomes generally known, those concerns receiving small rebates, or no rebates, will insist on the maximum rebate, and this will mean one of two things: that the railroad will have to favor all its customers with the maximum rebate, at the risk of losing business, or quit giving rebates at all and treat all alike. The natural law of the business world, when it operates freely under the light of publicity, will provide a heavier penalty for the violation of the legal enactment than any Legislature or Congress could impose. Of course, this Congressional enactment against the rebate system gives great power to the Federal Government in making prices. It is a step toward what we have been taught to fear as socialism, or a strongly centralized Government; for not the King of England nor the Emperor of Germany has such power as the Congress just adjourned has put into the President's hands. But the step is taken; the people demanded it. And there is nothing to do but to hope for the best, and to be sure that the public sense of the American people is strong and sane. The demand for these anti-trust laws has been formulating ten years. The clamor and the wrath that accompanied the first appeals to Congress have died away. The Congress that passed these recent laws was a conservative Congress. The leaders in the House and in the Senate are not new leaders, fresh from a crazy populace; the step toward socialism was taken as deliberately and as cautiously as any other progressive movement made by the Republic in all its history. And though this apparently radical step was taken not only by the conservative party in the American Government, but by the conservative wing of the conservative party, after a victory so sweeping that there seemed no danger of the country returning to radicalism; yet, to make sure that there could be no mistaking the real earnestness of the motive behind the action of Congress, the same element of the same party put half a million dollars into the hands of Philander C. Knox, one of the bravest, ablest Attorneys-General that the United States ever had, with instructions to spend it in prosecuting violations of these laws against encroaching corporations. It was the largest appropriation ever made in time of peace by this Government for merely ethical ends. And what is more important, this appropriation of half a million dollars into Attorney-General Knox's hands was one of the few times when an American Congress has recognized one of the vital weaknesses of this governmental machine. That weakness is this: low salaries. It will be worth while to digress a moment and consider this weakness.

The county prosecutor of the average community, on whom nine-tenths of the prosecutions of the county fall, gets somewhere between $1200 and $3000 a year. Going up in the scale, one finds that the Federal District-Attorney gets $4500, and that the Attorneys-General of the several States have salaries ranging from $2500 to $5000. The Attorneys-General of the various departments and bureaus at Washington receive from $3000 to $5000, and at the top of the pyramid stands the Attorney-General of the United States, who gets but $8000, and has to maintain a place in the Cabinet upon that small salary. The average salary of the average public attorney who has charge of the enforcement of laws in this country is probably something under $2500 a year. In three cases out of five which the public prosecutor tries in court he opposes attorneys for the defense who are making annually twice as much money as he is, and are therefore probably twice as good lawyers. Corporations take the best attorneys away from the commonwealth's service. In nearly every town of over 10,000 people every railroad-crossing pays some attorney more than the city or county prosecutor gets. In every State capital every railroad maintains an attorney whose salary is three or four times as great as that of the Attorney-General of the State. And every great railroad has at the head of its legal department men who receive from two to ten times

as much money as the Attorney-General of the United States receives. Law is made finally by the courts in this country, and courts are influenced by attorneys. Is it any wonder that the people complain bitterly against the courts, and claim that the corporations get all the favors. What else can the people expect? Court decisions are like everything else in this world: the product of environment and the natural law. Cheap men give the public poor service. Now, all this seems digression from the topic, but this one thought should be set down here for public consideration: With all the salaries that a Crœsus could pay, the people might get cheap men, and probably would get them—for those traits which make men popular with the masses, which carry primaries and conventions and elections, are exactly the traits that do not win important lawsuits. So long as the power to select public attorneys remains twenty-two calibre, the hole in the fortress of corporate strength will remain twenty-two calibre, no matter how much noise is behind the explosion. The question which Congress tried to solve last winter stripped naked is this: our government, or democracy, or the people, or majority rule, or whatever it happens to be called, is based on the wisdom of the prevailing will of the mass; that wisdom does not rise to the height of the intelligence of the few in choosing men for technical work. Corporations are governed by their keenest minds. The struggle is between keen minds and third-rate minds, and the balance is the crass power of brute strength, that must always be reckoned with behind the cruder minds. It is dramatically significant, if not prophetic, that the Congress which devoted so much time to laws grappling with corporations, turned casually to the reorganization of the army. The two most important bills enacted into laws, outside the laws governing corporations, were those which strengthened the national militia and put the regular army on a firmer basis as a national fighting machine. If this is treason, "high finance" will have to make the most of it. It is a coincidence in legislation that is at least worthy of meditation and prayer!

To say that the day of judgment is coming, to get one's teeth chattering with fear of the revolution, and to put on one's galoshes to keep out impending floods of gore, is, of course, absurd. For Americans are not revolutionists. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly sane to give fair warning to the men who think that the impudence of stock manipulators is the best expression of American patriotism. For such as these there may be a great rubbing of eyes some day. It certainly will not be a bloody day: for red is not Columbia's color. But it is not the crackle of rifles that hurts, but the ripping ridicule of the men behind the guns. There is little danger of the laws concerning the militia and the army, passed by the recent Congress, bringing about war or even rumors of war. But it is more than likely that, if that portion of corporate wealth that is greedy and insolent keeps on bullying courts and snapping its fingers at law, the bayonets of the American citizen soldiery may be inserted in the posterior draperies of the financial gourmands, while they are being gently but firmly toted back to the dead line of decency amid the ribald applause of the multitude. The incident will hardly shake the foundations of the Republic. But it will give the Yankee a chance to laugh. And in moments of paternal anger, a laugh in the sleeve beats a noose in the bush.

The Things that were Left Undone

A CONGRESS is like a man in this: that the things he fails to do are as good an index to his character as his deeds. The recently adjourned Congress failed to do two important things: to make a new Philippine tariff law and to enact the Statehood bill. The fight for the Statehood bill was one of the most important struggles that has occurred in Congress for a generation. It was not important in and of itself, but it involved many important things. On the surface, the fight seemed to be merely the endeavor of the East to keep out four Western States, and it appeared that Senator Quay, who was powerful in the National Republican Convention that promised Statehood to the Territories, was merely keeping his word. The facts are that Senator Quay, who is always loyal to his business friends, was trying to help some of them in a business way. A number of gentlemen formerly of Pennsylvania have some railroad propositions in the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. The propositions look good on paper; but Territories can't vote bonds, and the people who desire to vote the bonds and establish the railroads are hindered by the arbitrary rules of the Constitution. But these things were all under the surface. They did not come out in the debates. Quay's bill provided for the admission of four States: Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. Probably these States would send eight Democratic Senators to Washington. That lined up the Democrats solidly for the bill. That also was beneath the surface. Again, there is a queer lust for power in the Senate among the mountain States, States like Idaho, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Nevada and the like, States with but one or two Representatives in the House, that vote down Massachusetts, or Ohio, or Michigan in the Senate. These States supported the Quay bill, and their reasons were not apparent. But their zeal for it furnished the strongest opposition to the bill from a source that controls the Senate. The very fact that under the Quay bill Arizona, for instance, with a smaller literate American population than a good average county in the East, might balance a State with ten million people, was so clearly unjust that the New England Senators, who manage to get the Puritan conscience into their votes, fought the measure most heartily. And they had the bulk of the American people with them. That half a million people should have eight Senators is unjust. And eventually the American people, seeing in the organization of their Congress such palpable unfairness, would lose respect for its edicts. And there is no truer precept in politics than that any legislature that does not derive its power from the principles of just representation is a menace to the perpetuity of the Government. It was the sense of this precept, working in the public conscience and through it to the Senators, that killed the Statehood bill. This also was not always upon the surface.

Nor was the strength of the forces for the Quay bill always apparent. For one of the strongest sources of strength the bill had in the Senate was the feeling of rebellion that many of the Senators from the Middle and Far West felt against the New England leadership of the Senate. It was that rebellious spirit that inspired Quay. Quay, like Platt of New York, is not of the inner circle. The two are not reckoned among that small coterie of gentlemen who rule the Senate. It used to be called the "best thought of the Senate." But that was laughed out of vogue, and the leadership exists now without a *nom de plume*.

Theoretically, Quay should have won his Statehood fight. He was a trained fighter. He knew the game from start to finish. He commanded a clear majority. He had the immense advantage of a champion who had never been whipped. The righteous minority was afraid of him. No well-known leader cared to risk his reputation by fighting Quay. Beveridge led the fight; he was a David to Quay's Goliath; Quay despised his youthful adversary, and began to preen himself on his victory and spread his plumage. Whereupon he fell into pits. He made strategical blunder after blunder; he seemed fated to do the wrong thing. The thing we call Fate is blind, perhaps, but she has her instincts, and things always go right in the long run. In Quay's fight for Statehood, with all his power, and with all his experience in the use of power, and with all his prestige, he failed through his own blunders. Sheer decency won, and Beveridge—the youngest Senator—who went into a losing fight and managed it with skill far beyond that which his previous experience had developed and his reputation had credited him with, came out a real leader of the Senate—not in the very first class, but at the head of the second class, with a show for promotion. Fate, or the gods, or the spirit of the scheme of things is always good to the man who not merely dares, but who dares to do right. Fate is more than queer; she is canny.

The only other important thing which Congress failed to do—excepting to ratify the treaties, which was Senatorial work and should not be charged to Congress—was to pass

(Continued on Page 22)

GOLDEN FLEECE

The American Adventures of a Fortune-Hunting Earl

BY DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

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XIX

FROTHINGHAM'S abrupt change of tactics had been caused by a cablegram from Evelyn which reached him at the Barneys even as his diplomatic agent was in the heat and toil of the negotiation with Amzi Hooper. It read:

> Break off everything and return. Have written you New York. Best possible news. Gwen sends love.

"Why didn't she say what it was?" he wondered. And he decided that it must be news of too private a nature to be trusted to the telegraph station at Beauvais. Why had she written if he was to go at once? "I suppose," he concluded, "she was afraid I mightn't obey orders. 'Gwen sends love'—that must mean that the news is about me and Gwen."

But he had no uplifting of spirits—instead, he felt a sense of impending misfortune. He called up Lawrence's office and told one of the clerks that he wished Lawrence to call him as soon as he came in. In a few minutes Lawrence was relating over the wire the favorable progress of the negotiation.

"It's off," said Frothingham. "I want nothing more to do with it. I'm glad it's in good form for the break. I can drop it decently."

This so delighted Lawrence that he laughed aloud. "Hooper's certain to send for me," he said. "I'll give him the shock of his life."

Frothingham cautioned him against any transgression of the most courteous politeness, then went down to luncheon—with Nelly, alone. While she was talking and he looking all in a flash he understood why the "best possible news from home depressed him, why "Gwen sends love" did not elate him. He asked Nelly to take him to her school.

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested," she said.

But he insisted, and they set out immediately after luncheon. As they went—in a street car—she explained her work:

When her mother lay dying she said to the man beside whom she had worked for thirty-six years, mostly cloud and rain: "Henry, I don't want a big, showy monument over me. If you should do something for me, build a school of some kind, a school where girls can be taught how to be useful wives and mothers, instead of spending their whole lives at learning." And Nelly's father had put by money each year, until his daughter's education was finished. Then he had said to her, "I want you to help me carry out your ma's memorial." And he turned over to her a mass of plans and hints and schemes which he had been accumulating for seven years. "Get up a plan," he had said, "on the lines your ma would have liked. It's a woman's work—it's your natural work. I'll supply the money." And after two years' labor, one year of it abroad, she had perfected a scheme for a great school where several hundred girls could be instructed in all that a woman as a woman should know—housework, sewing, cooking, shopping, marketing, the elements of business and of art, the care of babies, the training and education of children. And she had so planned it that the girls could and should support themselves while they were learning.

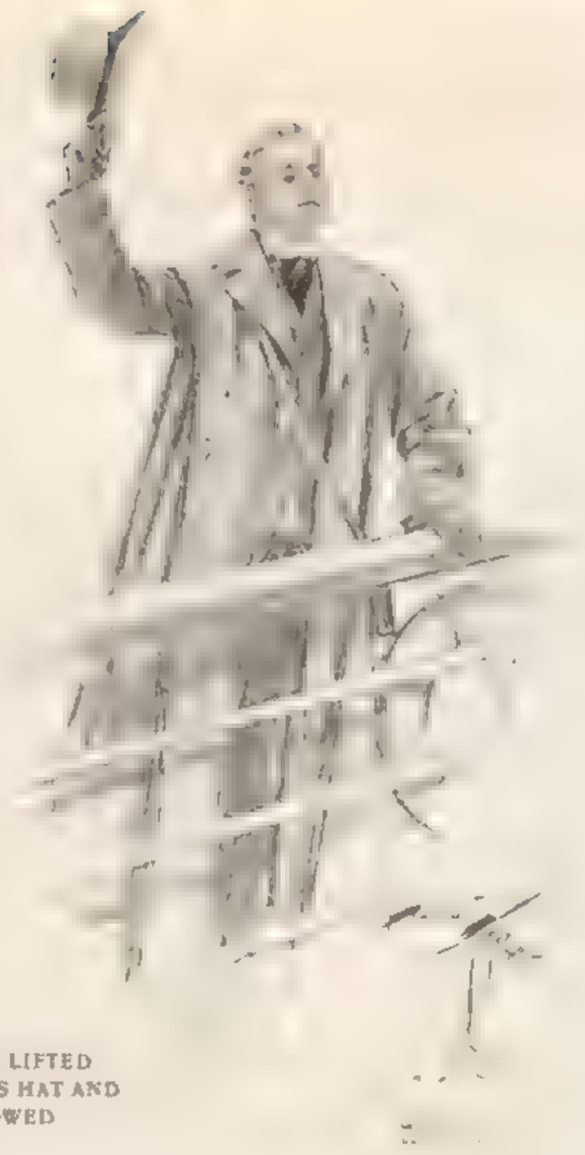
Frothingham did not take his eyes from her face as she talked. She seemed to him the most wonderful, the noblest

"THAT'S ANCIENT HISTORY. I AIN'T BEEN CALLED THAT FOR AGES AND AGES"

human being in the world "A fine, a beautiful idea," he said. "But aren't you afraid of spoiling those girls for workingmen's wives? You're educating entirely too much in this country, I should say, as it is. You're making the lower classes restless and discontented. They'll pull everything down about your ears the first thing you know

Nelly smiled—he saw that she was not seeing him at all, was looking far, far past him. "I'm not worrying about the consequences," she said. "If we did that we should never move. You must remember that we haven't any classes here, but are all of one class—we differ in degree, but not in kind. One can't look into the future. I only know it was intended for the light to shine on the whole human race and that it's our duty to help all we can. And knowledge is light, and ignorance is darkness, isn't it? I'm not afraid of light, anywhere. Whether it's little or much, it's better than darkness."

He looked at her strangely "I had never thought of that," he said in a low voice. Then, after a moment: "How good you are! I didn't know there was anybody in the world like you. How generous of you to give your life to these people!"



HE LIFTED HIS HAT AND BOWED

"No—no!" she protested They were walking now through a maze of homely streets, lined with flat-houses large and small, and odorous of strong-smelling cookery, of decaying food, of stale whisky and beer—a typical tenement district. "When I first began on this scheme," she went on, "I thought as you do. But I soon saw how false, how foolishly false, that was. And if I had continued to think as at first, if I had gone into the work to patronize and to feed my vanity, I should have injured myself and all whom I wished to help. I should have made a snob of myself and parasites of them."

She paused and into her eyes came a look which he thought "glorious." She went on: "But, fortunately, I got the right sort of guidance from the very start. And I discovered that I had more to learn than these people. I was actually more ignorant than they." She turned her face toward him. "Did you ever think," she asked, "what would become of you if you had all the props taken from under you, and were cast upon the world and were forced to make the fight alone—without a penny or a friend or a relative or any outside help of any kind?"

"Thought of it? Well, rather!" he exclaimed. "And I know what would happen to me—jolly quick!"

"That was my first discovery—about myself. I found that I was in the world without any fit equipment to live. I found that if the props were taken from under me I'd be no match for the working-people, that I'd perish or else have to live on the charity of rich people by doing the sort of puttering work they give the poor of their own class. And I said to myself: 'You are a fine human being, aren't you—to pose as the superior of those who are independent and self-respecting? You call them ignorant, yet they are conforming to Nature's laws and to the conditions of life infinitely better than you, with your boasted intelligence and your fancied refinement.' I saw that I was not a real woman, as my mother had been, but was only a parasite on the labor and the intelligence of others."

"And what did you do?"

"I went to school with my girls. And——" Her face lighted up with enthusiasm—"Oh, you don't know what a—a magnificent—sensation it is to be conscious that one can swim alone on the sea of life without fear of drowning or of having to call for help. You spoke as if I were giving these people something. Why, I owe everything to them! It is they that gave and are giving. And I am and always shall be in their debt."

He tried to think of some satirical phrase with which to lessen the impression what she had said was making upon him. But he could only blink into the flooding light which seemed to him to surround her and to blaze upon his pettiness and worthlessness and the tawdriness of all upon which his life had been based. In his own country, in his surroundings of alternating dullness and dissipation, his naturally good mind had become a drowsy marsh with pale lights gleaming in it occasionally here and there. Unconsciously, he had been slowly rousing ever since he landed in New York. The people he had met were like enough to those he had met at home, and also like enough to the people of the real America from which they were offshoots, to form for him a mental bridge on which he could pass from his England of narrow and bigoted caste to Nelly's America of alert and intelligent and self-respecting, level-eyed humanity. And he was now feeling in this restless Chicago the fierce impact of energies and aspirations of which he had had no conception, of which he could never have a clear conception Through the eyes of this earnest, unreflected girl, with her lived ideal of self forgetfulness, he had been getting confused, dazzling glimpses of a new world.

But he did clearly see and feel that he loved her. And she now saw in his curiously changed face what was in his mind. She looked away instantly—her expression was uneasy, almost frightened "Here we are—at the school," she said nervously as they turned a corner and came in sight of three great buildings—plain yet attractive—which faced three sides of a broad lawn, in the centre of which a large and most artistic fountain was playing

He never could give a clear account of that school. He remembered the manager—a Mr. Worthington, with a strong and serious, yet anything but solemn face, with rather homely features except a pair of extraordinary eyes. He remembered many classrooms where all sorts of feminine enterprises were going forward with energetic informality. He remembered many girls—uncommonly clean, bright, well-dressed girls with agreeable voices and manners. He remembered many smiles and other evidences of health and spirits. He remembered many babies—all in one big, sunny room, chirping and crowing and gurgling, balancing on uncertain little lumps of feet or crawling toilsomely. "Practice babies," Nelly called them, and he thought, "If this is the way her girls succeed with mere 'practice babies,' what won't they make of their own?" Finally, he remembered—Nelly. All his other memories were a hazy background for her tall, graceful figure and wonderful, luminous face. Her he never forgot in the smallest detail of look or gesture.

When they were once more in the street, walking toward the car, he began abruptly: "I came over here—to America—because I was ruined—because we were going to be sold up and chucked out in the autumn. I came—I'm ashamed to put it into words—I'd rather you'd imagine—you can, easy enough. It's often done and nothing's thought of t - at least, on our side of the water. This morning—in fact, just before luncheon—I got a cable from my sister. Our luck has turned, and——"

"I'm very glad," she murmured as he paused.

"I don't wish to go back," he went on impetuously, his drawl gone. "I wish—it's you I want. And I ask you to give me a chance. I don't think I'm such a frightfully bad sort, as men go. And while I ain't fit for you to walk on, where's the man that is? And perhaps if I were less fit I couldn't care for you—all the height from down where I am to up where you are."

The storm which had burst from deep down within him, deeper far than he thought his nature extended, was so sweeping and whirling him that he could not see her.

When she spoke it was in a voice that took away hope, but gently soothing the wound it made. "I'm sorry," she said, "and yet I'm—not. No woman could help being pleased to hear what you've said to me, and hear it from such a man as you are. Oh, yes"—this in answer to his expression—"for I've found out what sort of man lives behind your look of irony and indifference. A so much better man than he lets himself know—or show. And I understand how differently you've been brought up, how different your system is from ours. But——"

She hesitated and somehow he felt that he must give her sympathy instead of asking it

"You remember, I told you that when I began with the school I had the right sort of help?"

He looked away from her and it was black before him for an instant. "That fairish chap with the eyes—Mr. Worthington?" he asked, cutting his words off sharp.

She nodded, her cheeks bright. "I simply couldn't help it," she said. "He *was* what I longed to be. And he didn't preach the things I believed in—he just lived them."

They were silent for a few minutes, then she went on: "I don't want you to misunderstand. He has never even looked—what I'd like him to—to look and say. I don't know whether he cares or not—perhaps not. Sometimes I think he cares only for the work, and——"

"He does care—I saw it," interrupted Frothingham, and then he was astonished at himself for being so "ridiculously decent"

"I don't know," she said doubtfully. "Thank you for saying so." She looked at him shyly. "You'll think me queer for telling you about it when he has said nothing to me

"I understand why you tell me," Frothingham answered. "It was—like you." He smiled faintly, his frequent, self-satirizing smile. "Don't mind me. I'm used to bad luck. I take to it like a duck to water."

Nelly's instinct told her that she had said enough, and they walked in silence. When she spoke again it was of the dance to which they were going that night. An hour and a half later as they were separating for dinner he said earnestly: "Thank you for what you said. And thank you—even more—for what you didn't say."

XV

ON THE way to Mrs. Grafton's ball that night he sent Evelyn a cablegram, asking her to cable him a hundred and fifty pounds he needed to enable him to pay Wallingford and fixing the next day week for his sailing He might have sailed three days earlier, but he wished to get her letter and so not carry an unsatisfied curiosity on a six days' voyage.

At the ball every one was talking of the Frothingham "exposure" and of Jenny Hooper's marriage. The "exposure" had appeared in but two editions of the "yellow" that invented it. "Wick" Barney had seen it and had lost not a moment in forcing its suppression and a denial, and in warning the other papers. He said nothing to Frothingham, and Frothingham did not know of it then, or indeed until several years had passed. But even if it had not been suppressed and had been everywhere believed, Frothingham's social position would not have suffered. His title was genuine and his family and his position at home were of the best—more, American fashionable society never asks about upper-class foreigners who come to it for no apparent, or rather avowed, purpose. It expects them to be somewhat "queer" in other respects. It assumes that they will be "queer" in money matters—and it has reason for the assumption

Frothingham did, however, hear of Jenny's marriage—heard of it from Jenny herself. At the Graftons' the dressing rooms are at opposite ends of the hall from which the grand stairway ascends to the drawing-room and the ballroom. It chanced that Jenny and Frothingham came along this hall from the dressing-rooms at the same time and, to the delight of the few guests and the many servants who witnessed, met at the foot of the stairway. As Frothingham's face habitually expressed nothing beyond a suggestion that he had nothing to express, he and his eyeglass withstood the shock admirably. Jenny had intended to "cut him dead" the next time she saw him. But as she tottered suddenly into his presence on her monstrous tall heels she was not prepared for a course so foreign to her nature as the cut direct. Before she knew what she was doing or saying she had smiled and nodded. She instantly shifted to a frown; but it was too late—Frothingham had spoken, had subdued her with that "perfectly splendid, so aristocratic" monocle of his. "What's the use of throwing a fit over a thing that's past and done?" she reflected. "He's all right in his way. And won't it give Tom and everybody a jolt if we enter the ballroom together?"

Frothingham had called her "Miss Hooper." This gave her the opening. "Miss Hooper!" she said with her jauntiest air. "That's ancient history. I ain't been called that for ages and ages. Why, I'm an old married woman—for Chicago."

"Really," said he, thinking it "some stupid, silly sell or other." He was hardly listening. He was more interested in the rope of pearls and diamonds that swung from her neck to far below her waist. The pearls were large and were once perfect; but each pearl had been mutilated by having a diamond set in it—a very nightmare of sacrifice of beauty and taste in an effort to make more expensive the most expensive.

"Yes, indeed—truly. I'm Mrs——" She stopped short and gave him a look of horror

"Dear me!" exclaimed Frothingham with satiric sympathy. "Have you forgotten his name, or did you forget to ask it?"

"No—but I never *thought* of it before—thought how it sounds. My, but it's awful! I'd never in the world have married him if I'd have pronounced it beforehand. Mrs. Burster! Ain't that horrible?" Frothingham had lifted "ain't" from the slough of doubtful grammar to the pinnacle of fashion in fashionable Chicago.

"Oh, I don't know," he drawled, still imagining she was jesting. "It might be worse, mightn't it, now?"

Her eyes flashed at this seeming impertinence. "Yes—it might. It might be Bursted—or 'Busted'—mightn't it?" Then, seeing that her "shot" at his financial condition as described in the newspaper she had read and believed apparently did not touch him, she relented and was in a good humor again. "I've been engaged to Tom for a year or so, on and

off," she went on. "When I woke up this morning it came into my head to marry him. And I did it while your lawyer and papa were squabbling." She said this so convincingly that she herself began to feel that it was "as good as true."

The news that she and Frothingham were advancing together preceded them to the ballroom, but had not spread far enough from its doors to impair the sensation made by their entrance with every appearance of friendliness. And the much discussed mystery of that day's doings is here solved for the first time.

The next afternoon Frothingham and Wickham drove up to Barney's door as Nelly and Worthington were arriving on foot. One glance at their faces and he knew that they understood each the other now. "All I accomplished," he said to himself mournfully, "was to force the fellow to play his hand What ripping luck I do bring—other people!" He paused only long enough to make his passing on seem natural Presently she followed him to the library where he was standing on the rug before the closed fireplace with a cigarette drooping dejectedly from the corner of his mouth. She moved restlessly about the room, evidently seeking a way to begin telling him something.

"I saw it in your face—at the door," he said, in answer to an appealing glance from her

She put her hand on his arm and her eyes were wistful "I know you did, and I hoped—I thought—I saw in your face that you were generous enough to be glad I'm happy."

"No, I can't say that you did. The most I can do is to bear it—without the grin." He seated himself on the edge of the big table and looked at her reflectively. "I say," he began at last, "do you see how it's possible to be in love with two at the same time?"

She nodded, smiling a little. "Yes—I—I think—if I hadn't met some one first—I should have been in love with—some one else"

"That's something," he said in his satirical drawl But he kept his eyes down and his eyelids were trembling. "Do you know," he went on after a pause full of cigarette smoke, "I've been thinking about—caring for two people and that sort of thing? I don't mind saying to you—you'll understand, I'm sure—there's a girl over on the other side——"

"I'm *so* glad!" she exclaimed—and then she wasn't.

"I care for her—in a different way, but it's quite a real way. And when I go back home, it may be—you know what I wish to say. I'm telling you because I don't wish you to think I'm disloyal to you"—his expression was half-satirical, half mournful—"or to her either

"I appreciate your telling me," she said. "But I'd have understood if you hadn't. I believe I recognize a manly man when I see him, and—you know that's what I think you

He shrugged his shoulders. "I dare say I'm much like other people. I show every one the side that matches the side they show me"

After a moment he went to her and lifted her hand and kissed it. She stood and turned her face, sweet and friendly, up to him. "I'd rather you'd kiss *me*," she said.

He winced and paled, and let go her hand "No, thanks," he replied. "If you don't mind, I'd rather not."

With this Mr. Barney bustled into the room—no one had ever seen him make a slow movement of any kind. At sight of them standing thus suspiciously, he halted and, as they flushed and moved apart, he laughed in such a way that Nelly felt impelled to explain:

"I was talking to Lord Frothingham of my engagement, and he was congratulating me."

"*Bless* my soul!" ejaculated Barney "This *is* news!"

"I haven't had a chance to tell you, father. It's Mr. Worthington."

Barney seemed depressed. "Well—I guess he's all right," he said slowly. "I've got nothing against him. But——" "And," interrupted Nelly, afraid of her father's frankness, "he was telling me of his engagement."

Barney looked at Frothingham sharply. "American?" he asked, showing that he wouldn't like it if he got an affirmative answer.

"No—a neighbor of ours in England," replied Frothingham.

"Delighted to hear it. You ought to have been married and settled long ago. I still think you'd have done better to sell your farm over there and settle down here in Chicago." Barney would have scorned to apply such words as estate and plantation to a farm—though he did call his shop an "Emporium."

Wickham went to New York with Frothingham the next day but one; and on the day after they arrived they had Honoria, chaperoned by Mrs. Galloway, at dinner and at the theatre, and, because Wickham insisted, at supper. It was almost two o'clock when they put the two women into their carriage at the Waldorf and went to bed—Frothingham refused to sit up listening to Wickham on Honoria. He was surprised that Wickham had invited her for luncheon the next, or, rather, the same day—was astonished when he found that she had accepted. His last three days in America were spent in studying—and encouraging—an infatuation

The morning of his departure came, and the steamer which he assumed must be bringing Evelyn's letter, since it had not arrived on Friday, was just getting in. He decided that he would not put off his sailing to get the letter—"Why wait merely to satisfy my curiosity? Evelyn sent me over here. She knows what she's about in recalling me." He left Hutt to stay until the last moment on the chance of the mail arriving; he and Wickham went down to the pier—Mrs. Galloway and Honoria and Joe Wallingford and his wife were already there. He had a few sentences aside with Honoria.

"I'm so glad you introduced Mr. Barney to me," she said He trained his eyeglass upon her mockingly. "Really! How extraordinary! Precisely what *he* said on Wednesday."

"Don't be a silly ass," protested Honoria in an unconvincing voice. "He's only a big, nice boy. I'm four years older than he. Or, rather, he's four years younger than I—I don't fancy the word old"

"That's as it should be If a young chap *will* marry, he should be several years the younger. She'll keep him straight and bring him up properly. She'll be patient with his ignorance and know how to handle the reins when he frets or frisks Good business this, you're planning, Honoria."

"Do you think he likes me?"

"*Likes?* He's positively driveling. Look at 'im

AS THEY WENT—IN A STREET CAR—SHE EXPLAINED HER WORK

Honoria's glance met Wickham's—he was at the rail, pretending to listen to Catherine. His "driveling" expression as he came at the call in her eyes seemed to please Honoria mightily. With the last going ashore gong Hutt came, bringing Evelyn's letter. Frothingham at once read enough of it to interpret her cablegram

> As you doubtless know, Georgie's father-in-law died in New York a few weeks ago. He left them I don't know how much—something huge. And George is giving Gwen a dot of three hundred thousand. She was just here with the news—she came to me the instant she heard it. As she was leaving she said, "Won't you give Arthur my love when you write?" It's the first time she's spoken of you to me since you left. And when I said, "I'll *cable* it to him," she blushed—you should have seen her, Arthur—and heard her say, "Oh, *thank* you, dear!"

"Good chap, George," murmured Frothingham. "The right sort clean through. He wouldn't let Gwen and me be cheated as he and Evelyn were. . . . Poor Evelyn! . . . Gwen and me!" He began a sigh that changed into his faint smile of self-mockery. "Just my beastly, rotten luck—not to be sure it's good luck when it finally does come"

He went to the rail and his glance sought out and rested upon the little group of his friends on the crowded pier across the widening gap between Nelly's land and him. Wickham took Honoria's blue chiffon parasol and waved it; Catherine fluttered her handkerchief. He lifted his hat and bowed. Long after they were lost to him in the merge of the crowd they could make out his loud light tweeds and scarlet bow, and once they caught the flash of a ray of sunlight on his eyeglass—like a characteristic farewell look.

It was five o'clock in a late September afternoon. As usual, on the low table on the porch viewing the Italian garden at Beauvais Hall was the big tea-tray with its array of antique silver and old porcelain, the cake and the toast and the slices of bread and butter. Round it were Evelyn and Gwen and Frothingham—Gwen in a shirtwaist and riding skirt, Frothingham in the slovenly, baggy flannels of an English gentleman in the seclusion of his country-seat. No one was speaking and the quiet was profound. Presently Evelyn rose and went through the open French window into the drawing-room. Gwen was watching Frothingham; he was watching the peacocks as they strutted with tails spread in splendor.

"I'm always wondering that one of those clever, handsome American women didn't steal your heart—if you've got one," said Gwen

He slowly withdrew his gaze from the peacocks and fixed it upon her with his monocled expression that might mean everything or nothing. She chose to read everything into it and flushed with pleasure. And her left hand moving nervously among the silver and porcelain, revealed on its third finger a narrow gold band

He drew a long, slow breath of lazy content and drawled

"You're so *damn* comfortable, Gwen!"

(THE END)

Submarine Farms

OVER half a million dollars' worth of sponges is now the value of the annual harvest of that protozoa from the Gulf side of the Florida coast

This extensive sponge cutting is so decreasing the supply, especially of what is known as the sheepswool variety, that the Government is conducting experiments in planting sponges

The natural sponge ground extends from St. Marks to Tampa Bay, one hundred and fifty miles, and from fifteen to twenty miles from the shore. By means of powerful water glasses the operators survey the sponge-fields and with sharp grappling forks cut and draw up the sponges. They can by this method harvest sponges growing at a depth of sixty feet.

The threatened exhaustion of the Florida coast sponge-fields, therefore, has awakened the United States Government to the desirability of renewing them; and now thousands of sponge cuttings are being planted, some at Sugar Loaf Key, east of Key West, and others at various places in Biscayne Bay.

In planting sponges the cuttings are secured to a support sufficiently durable to withstand salt-water corrosion and devastation wrought by the teredo and other aggressive mollusks.

While experiments in growing sponges have been made previously in other countries, Dr. H F. Moore, who has charge of the Florida work, says that the experiments undertaken by the United States have demonstrated for the first time the practical utility of the project they forecast.

Ninety-five per cent. of the cuttings planted along the Florida coast have healed and are thriving sturdily.

The cuttings that perished were mostly from yellow sponges. The sheepswool variety, which has a higher commercial value than the yellow kind, seems also to be the hardier.

The Admirable Tinker

By Edgar Jepson

Tinker and the Kidnapers

"WHAT did you say you paid your governess?" said Sir Tancred Beauleigh.

"Thirty pounds a year," said Hildebrand Anne.

"She dresses well," said Sir Tancred.

Hildebrand Anne, who was observing the Mediterranean from the wall which runs along the sea front of the gardens of the Temple of Fortune at Monte Carlo, turned his head and eyed his father with a trifle of distrust: "She does dress well," he said thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think that her people must have lost their money, and she bought her gowns when they were rich. Sometimes I think she's only being a governess for fun."

"For fun?" said Sir Tancred. "But I thought her references were all right. Yes; you told me that she carried them about with her."

"Well, she has the nicest kind of face," said Tinker; and his own face was out of the common guileless.

"So her face was her reference, was it?" said Sir Tancred.

"You can forge references, but you can't forge a face," said Hildebrand Anne with the air of a philosopher.

Sir Tancred laughed gently. "My good Tinker," he said, "I look forward to the time when you enter the diplomatic service. The diplomacy of your country will be newer than ever. But don't be too sure that a woman can't forge her face."

"What a lot of forgery there would be if women could forge faces like Dorothy's," said Tinker gravely.

"You seem a perfect well of truth to-day," said Sir Tancred.

They were silent a while, gazing idly over the sea; then Tinker said, "Dorothy is rather a mystery, you know. She never gets letters, only telegrams. She has lots of money, too, and she spends it. I often have to talk to her seriously about her extravagance."

"You do? What does she say?"

"Oh, she laughs. That's what makes me think that she's only a governess for fun. I never knew a girl so ready to laugh. Why, I've only known her to cry once."

"When was that?" said Sir Tancred quickly.

"A few days ago," said Tinker; and he added hastily, "I think I'll go after her and Elsie; they've gone down the Corniche to Mentone."

"Was it the day I had an affair with Le Comte De Puy-de-Dome?"

"Ye-e-s," said Tinker with some reluctance, and he prepared for trouble. Hitherto his father had said nothing of that timely but eldritch yell. But Sir Tancred was silent.

Presently Tinker said: "She would make you a nice little wife, sir."

Sir Tancred started. "There are times," he said, "when you would take my breath away if I hadn't good lungs."

"I thought that was what you were thinking about," said the ingenuous Tinker.

"If you add thought-reading to your other accomplishments it will be too much," said Sir Tancred with conviction.

Editor's Note—The last of these tales of The Admirable Tinker will appear in an early number. Each is complete in itself.

Of a sudden there came bustling round the right hand horn of the bay a most disreputable, bedraggled-looking vessel. By her lines a yacht, her decks would have been a disgrace to the oldest and most battered tin-pot of an ocean tramp.

"She is in a mess!" said Tinker.

"And the Atlantic made it," said Sir Tancred. "Whose yacht is it?"

"I don't know," said Tinker, staring at it with all his eyes.

"You ought to," said Sir Tancred with some severity; "you've been on it. It's Meyer's."

Tinker wriggled.

A hundred yards from the jetty the yacht's engines were reversed, and the way was scarcely off her when her only remaining boat fell smartly on the water, and was rowed quickly to the steps. A quarter of an hour later a little group hurried into the gardens—the manager of the Hotel des Princes, a tall, bearded, grimy man, and a short, clean-shaven, grimy man. They came straight to Sir Tancred and Tinker, and the bearded man said quickly: "My name is Rainer, Septimus Rainer. I've just learnt that my daughter Dorothy is your little girl's governess. Where is she?"

Sir Tancred bowed and said languidly, "Miss Rainer is the governess of my son's adopted sister. He made the arrangement and is the responsible person. Here he is."

Septimus Rainer looked at Tinker with some surprise and said feverishly, "Where is she? Where's Dorothy?"

"She went with Elsie along the Corniche toward Mentone after *déjeuner*," said Tinker.

"Take me to her at once, will you?" said Rainer quickly. "She's not safe!"

"Not safe! Come along!" said Sir Tancred. And his languor fell from him like a mask.

As they hurried through the gardens Rainer said: "It's like this: a week ago I got a cable saying that kidnapers were after Dorothy. I wired to McNiel, my Paris agent, to come straight here with half a dozen of the best detectives, scooped up Mr. Buist, of the New York police"—he nodded toward the clean-shaven, grimy man—"borrowed a yacht, and came myself. We had trouble with the Atlantic, of course, as we were in a hurry; but I've done it seven hours quicker than steamer and train. Has McNiel been here with the detectives?"

"No; he hasn't," said Tinker.

"Sure?" said Rainer.

"Certain," said Tinker.

"Perhaps McNiel did not tell her, not wishing to frighten her, and watched over her from a distance without making his presence known," said Rainer.

"Perhaps McNiel is in it," said Sir Tancred dryly.

"I'm glad I came straight here," said Rainer.

As they passed the Hotel des Princes Tinker said, "I'll catch you up," and bolted into it. He ran upstairs into his father's room and took from a drawer the pocketbook which held their passports, ran into his own room and thrust into his pockets some five hundred francs in notes and gold. Then, sure that he was ready for the worse event, ran smiling down the stairs.

As he came out of the front door his eye fell on a lonely, deserted motor-car. In a breath he had pitied its loneliness, seen its use, and jumped into it. He set it going, and in three minutes had caught up his father and Rainer. Sir Tancred jumped into the seat beside him, and Rainer and the detective into the back seat.

"Whose car is this? How did you get it?" said Sir Tancred.

"I commandeered it," said Tinker firmly. "It seems a fairly decent one."

"I suppose there'll be trouble about it. But we've got to use it," said Sir Tancred.

"Oh, no; there won't. You and Mr. Rainer can get out at the edge of the town when we get back, and I'll explain things."

For a mile Tinker sent the car along as hard as it could go. Then he slowed down, and pulling up at every opening into the hills or down to the shore sent a long coo-ee ringing down it. No answer came back. At the end of two miles his face was growing graver and graver; and at the end of two miles and a half he stopped and said, "They can't have gone farther than this."

The three men looked at one another with serious faces.

"Just too late," said Septimus Rainer.

"Mr. Buist had better hurry back to Monte Carlo, the Hotel des Princes, in case we've missed them. We will go on hard, and he can wire to us at Mentone, Ventimiglia and Genoa," said Sir Tancred.

"That's all very well," said the detective stubbornly. "But I don't like the looks of things. Miss Rainer is governess in your family, sir, a curious thing for the daughter of a millionaire to be. There is a chance, and I'm bound to consider it, of your being mixed up in the kidnaping. What's to prevent you kidnaping Mr. Rainer? I mean no offense, sir, but I'm bound to look at it all ways."

Sir Tancred's eyes flashed, and for a moment he looked as if he could not believe his ears, but he said quietly, "Just as you like. Let Mr. Rainer go back, or both of you go back. Only be quick!"

"Off you go, Buist!" said the millionaire. "I know where I am! Go, man, go!"

The detective got down reluctantly; Sir Tancred said, "Go to M. Lautrec at the Police Bureau, Monte Carlo! He's the best man to set things going!" And Tinker started the car.

Two miles farther on they came upon a peasant woman tramping slowly along with a heavy basket. Tinker stopped the car, and Sir Tancred asked her if she had seen a young lady and a little girl walking along the Corniche between here and Monte Carlo. She said she had seen a young lady and a little girl in a carriage with two gentlemen, and the horses were galloping; oh, but they did gallop; they had nearly run her down. The young lady had cried out as they passed, but she had not heard what she said. It was a long while ago; more than an hour; near Monte Carlo.

"We must follow this carriage! It looks like them! Drive on, Tinker!" said Sir Tancred.

The car rushed along, and Sir Tancred told the millionaire what the woman had said.

"The rogues are hardly up to date to use a carriage instead of a motor-car," said the millionaire.

"What I don't see is how they are going to get them across the frontier. It looks—it looks as if the Italian police were in it," said Sir Tancred, frowning.

"Do you mean to tell me that the Italian police would connive at kidnaping?" said the millionaire.

"No; but some rascal of a detective who could pull a good many strings might be in it. At any rate, if they get them across the frontier, undrugged, the authorities are squared or humbugged. And if they get them to that rabbit-warren Genoa we may be a fortnight finding them."

They were soon in Mentone, and learned from a gendarme that an hour before a carriage had driven fast through the town. It held fever patients for the hospital at Genoa, he said, ill of the bubonic plague: the police and the custom-house at Ventimiglia had been warned by wire from Monte

Carlo and Genoa not to delay it or go near it It had passed just an hour

"If they're bound for Genoa we can catch them, bar accidents And Lautrec will have wired there. The rascals have worked out a good scheme; but your coming has spoiled it, Mr. Rainer. Send her along, Tinker!" said Sir Tancred

The car hummed along, but as it drew near the custom house at Ventimiglia Sir Tancred said, "By Jove we're going to be delayed! The guard's turned out!' And sure enough, a dozen Italian soldiers barred the road

Tinker stopped the car, and a sergeant ordered Sir Tancred and the millionaire to come with him to the officer in charge Tinker gave Sir Tancred the pocketbook which held their passports; they got out of the car and followed the sergeant into the custom house

Presently Tinker heard them talking, heard the conversation grow loud and excited, and caught disjointed scraps of ' Of a sudden his father cried loudly in Italian, "Spies! we're nothing of the kind!" And then in English, "Bolt!"

In a breath the car was moving and half a dozen soldiers sprang forward, crying, "Stop! Stop'

"It's running away ' screamed Tinker in Italian, and switched it on to full speed

It jerked forward; and the soldiers ran heavily after it

"Hold it back! Hold it back!" screamed Tinker; and a simple young soldier caught hold of it behind, and threw all his heart and strength into that effort, only to find himself running fast. At sixty yards he was running faster and shouting loudly. At eighty yards he stopped shouting, let go and fell down. Tinker looked back and saw him sitting up in the dust and shaking his fist, while far behind him his fellow-soldiers danced, gesticulating in the middle of the road

Tinker let the car rip on, slowing down at each branch road for a quick search for traces of the flying carriage He was excited, determined, but hardly happy. He saw no hope of rescuing Dorothy and Elsie by himself even if he caught the carriage; and since he reckoned that it would take his father and the millionaire two hours at the least to escape from the trap which had been so neatly set for them, they might not rejoin him till far into the night. He kept his eyes about him, and as he was passing a great gap in the hills he saw something fluttering in the road before him, and coming nearer saw that it was a hat

He stopped the car, sprang down and picked it up. It was Elsie's hat, and he began to wonder how it came there If she had thrown it out of the carriage the kidnapers would have stopped and picked it up. Besides, the elastic was broken, and she was very unlikely to have broken the elastic in taking it off He looked up and down the road, and saw fifty yards behind him a road branching off into the gap in the hills A slow, seraphic smile lighted up his angel face, he stepped into the car, turned it round, and went back to the branch road. At the corner he found a little girl watching a few lean sheep She had come, she said, but a short while ago, and had seen no carriage; the branch road led to Camporossa. Tinker sent the car slowly down it. For seventy yards the roadway was hard or stony; then came a patch of dust, smooth and unmarked by a wheel-track. Any vehicle going along the road must have passed over it, and a wave of disappointment submerged Tinker's spirit He stopped the car and stared blankly at the patch; then his eye caught a curious marking on its surface. He jumped down and bent over it; sure enough, the patch had been brushed and smoothed with a bough

He hurried the car back to the corner, and by entreaties, persuasion, cajoling, a five-franc piece, and even—great concession!—a kiss, he wrung from the little girl a promise that she would wait till dark, if need were, stop every carriage or motor-car that came past, and say, "The kidnapers have gone up this road."

Then, assured that the hat, set to mislead, had put him on the right track, he turned the car for Camporossa. To his surprise and satisfaction he found this road smooth, and sent the car along at full speed. A mile from Camporossa he saw a cloud of dust ahead of him, and knew that he had the kidnapers in sight. He slowed down, for he did not wish to be seen by them. Then when the dust cloud vanished into the straggling town he hurried on again, for the sun was even now setting, and if they pushed on through the darkness he would have to follow by the sound of their wheels.

He came through the town at a moderate speed. Then, a mile beyond it, as he came to the top of a little hill, he saw the carriage moving slowly down an avenue to a house on the left some hundred yards from the road. He stopped the car with a jerk, backed it a little way down the hill, and from the brow watched the carriage drive up to the house. Then the sun set and the swift twilight fell

He backed the car into a clump of trees and set out across the fields for the house. Presently he came into a deserted garden, overgrown with rank weeds and unchipped shrubs. He hoped devoutly that the scorpions and tarantulas would await the passing of the sunset chill in their lairs. He pushed through the garden without mishap, and came to the house, a four-square, two-storied building, covered with a mat of creepers, some old-time gentleman's country seat. The near side was dark; from the back he could hear the voices of three stablemen The front, too, was dark; but on the farther side two rooms were lighted, one on the ground floor, one above

A clatter of excited voices came from the lower window he stole to within ten yards of it and looked in. Three men were dining at the table: a fair, red headed man with the high cheekbones of the Scot, a dissipated young Italian, and a small, round, vivacious man who looked French

"I'm going to marry the girl, say what you will!" the Italian was crying. "Where would your scheme have been without my aid?"

"Pardon, my dear Montelesne, I am going to marry the girl. There would have been no scheme to help if I had not made it," said the little Frenchman. "I rank first—I ——"

A movement overhead drew Tinker's attention; he looked up and saw Dorothy leaning out of the upper window. He uttered the short click which served them as a signal when they played conspirators or Red Indians. She looked straight down at him, but did not start or answer, and he knew that there was some one in the room with her. The kidnapers still disputed vehemently; and he stole up to the wall and began to climb the vine which covered the side of the house. He disturbed a number of roosting small birds, but Dorothy's suitors were putting forward their pretensions to her hand with a clamor which drowned the flutter of wings. He climbed up and up, and Dorothy never stirred and at last he looked under her arm into the room. Elsie sat at the table staring miserably at the grim face of an elderly woman who sat on a chair backed up against the door

THE KIDNAPERS HAD SEIZED THEM ON THE CORNICHE ROAD

Tinker looked at the woman and could scarcely believe his eyes, then he laughed gently, slipped over the window-sill, and said cheerfully, "Hullo, Selina, how are you?"

The grim woman started up with a little cry, stared at him, ran across the room, and began to hug him furiously, crying "Lor', Master Tinker! What a turn you did give me!"

"Drop it, Selina! Drop it!" said Tinker, struggling out of her embrace. You know how I hate being slobbered over!"

Then he dodged Dorothy and Elsie, saying, "This is no time for foolery!"

But I don't understand," said Dorothy

"Oh, Selina's my old nurse. What are you doing here Selina? I never expected you to turn kidnaper at your age

Nothing of the kind, Master Tinker! I'm paid to help save these poor lambs from them Jesuits

You've been humbugged, then You've helped to kidnap my adopted sister and Miss Rainer, the daughter of an American millionaire

Selina's face underwent a slow but alarming change. "So Mr. McNiel's humbugged me, has he? He's brought me all the way from Paris by a lie about Jesuits having stolen his young lady, to do his dirty, kidnaping work, has he? I'll kidnap him!" she said thickly, and made a step toward the door

"Do!" said Tinker with warm approval. "You let him have it! Think you're pitching into me like you used to!"

Selina opened the door and went down the stairs with the outraged majesty of a Boadicea, and they followed her. Tinker bade Dorothy and Elsie unbar the front door, and kept himself close behind Selina. She opened the door; the sustained shriek in which the Frenchman and Italian were conversing died suddenly down; and the three kidnapers stared at her

You low, nasty scoundrels!" said Selina fiercely

"Eh? What? The woman's daft! What's the matter?" said McNiel

Don't you woman me, you low Scotchman! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, mixing yourself up with these foreign rascals! You that's had a Christian upbringing!"

"You do what you're paid to do!" roared McNiel

Il faut agir!" said the Frenchman, and he bounced in a lithe, overconfident way at Selina

In a flash she had her left hand well gripped in his abundant hair and was clawing his face with her right. He screamed and writhed, and the struggle gave Tinker his chance. He slipped the key out of the inside of the door, thrust it into the outside; as the Frenchman tore himself away yelling he cried, "Outside, Selina!" strengthened the command by a strong drag on her arm, got her outside; slammed the door to, and locked it almost before the kidnapers had realized that he was there He wrenched the key out of the lock, Dorothy had just got the front door open; he caught Elsie's hand, and crying, "Come along' Come along!" ran down the avenue, followed by Dorothy and Selina as hard as they could pelt

Three minutes brought them to the car; he bundled them into it, drove it out of the trees, and set it going hard down the road while Dorothy explained how the kidnapers had seized them on the Corniche Road. They came safely to Camporossa, and suddenly they saw ahead of them the flaring light of a motor car

"Here's my father, or the police," said Tinker with a sigh of relief; and sure enough in ten minutes Sir Tancred was shaking hands with Tinker and Dorothy was kissing her father.

It had taken them three hours to get free of the Italian authorities, and they had practically turned the Riviera upside down to do that

It was past midnight when they reached the hotel. As they were going upstairs to bed Tinker succeeded in keeping Dorothy back. "It's all very well you being the daughter of a millionaire," he said with some severity, "but an employer has his rights. I can't lose a governess who suits Elsie so well, straight off, and I shall expect a month's notice.

"But I've no intention of resigning that excellent post," said Dorothy, smiling.

Tinker thought a moment and then said gloomily, "Your father will never let you be a governess. I suppose you expect me to back you up against him."

"That's just what I do mean," said Dorothy

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Happiness must be given before it can be received.

¶ There are more failures in Delaware than the peach crop

¶ A man may be provident and yet not have laid in his coffin

¶ The medical man is the modern oracle: we swallow all he tells us

¶ The hard part is not to work for success but to wait for it to ripen.

¶ A smart man is never quite smart enough to get the right opinion of himself

¶ Some people can think only in bed, but we constantly meet with them in society.

¶ The man who says nothing may not win much but he generally has a popular funeral.

¶ Standing behind a counter is all right, but staying there a lifetime is another matter.

¶ Take care of the pennies and the safe deposit companies will take care of everything else.

¶ Among the diseases caused by the mosquito, insomnia and that tired feeling should not be omitted.

¶ That which people sow they shall also reap does not always apply to the pictures on the seed packages.

The Sheep and the Shearers

THE Chief of Detectives of New York City says that within the past two years its "get-rich-quick" concerns have, to use their own phrase, "trimmed suckers" of no less than forty millions of dollars. He is speaking only of the concerns that are hampered by the fact that their business is unlawful. They operate by "confidential" circulars.

In these confiding appeals they use flatteries, arguments and inducements that, no one would think, would excite only amusement in any reader having a spark of intelligence. How can the dullest fail to see that the possessor of stock or grain or race-track secrets easily transformable into millions would not invite remote strangers to share with him? How can the blindest fail to see the tongue thrust into the cheek, the contemptuous grin openly leering from the eyes?

Yet there are those who marvel at the unequal distribution of property. Yet there are those who charge that inequality wholly upon our social system.

"Get-rich-quick" concerns, and that whole family of which they are the least "reputable" members, raise many interesting moral and mental problems—some of them amusing, some serious, none so serious perhaps as alarmists try to make them. But deeper than any of these problems lies the question, really and honestly, how many people even of the most intelligent classes are capable of managing and safeguarding their own interests?

About ninety-five per cent. of the men who engage in business on their own account fail—and this was true before the combinations arose. On the average the man who works for some large organizer of industrial energy is vastly better off financially than he who has his own independent business. As for the masses of the gainfully employed, what would become of their savings were it not for the insurance companies, benefit orders, savings banks, building associations—all of them organizations expressly made to relieve individuals of the care of their own affairs?

The capacity to work is infinite and splendid. But obviously the capacity to spend wisely and to take care of a surplus is deplorably defective. The wonder is not that property is unequally distributed, the wonder is that the carelessness, the credulity, the rashness of the overwhelming majority of us does not produce even greater inequalities. Indeed, is not here the clue to conditions usually ascribed to the greed of the few and the inadequacy of the laws?

There are, beyond question, some sinister causes for the rapid growth of large combinations. But is not one cause, and that important, the fact that most men work harder, more steadily, more wisely, more profitably for another than for themselves? They will play at ducks and drakes with their own affairs; they will be careful when their sense of responsibility and their sense of the danger of losing the job are roused

By all means let us have laws against "get-rich-quick" enterprises and "sucker-trimmers" of every kind, including those in politics, finance and commerce. But—how will that solve the real problem?

A social system can punish the robber—ours does so fairly well once it clearly recognizes him. But how can it restrain the man who voluntarily hands over to the robber his pocketbook or his political rights or whatever he has that he doesn't know how to keep? History is not the story of how robbers have ravaged mankind; it is the story of how robbers have taught mankind, an unwilling pupil, to consent to keep that which it could never have lost except by voluntary surrender.

The time spent in hating and dreading oppressors might be not unprofitably used—in part, at least—in educating one's self to make oppressors impossible. And after one has finished calculating how much the trusts have cost him, he might go on to calculate how much his own folly has cost him in the same period.

When General Hancock said that the tariff was a "local question," every one laughed and his supporters blushed. But we all know now—twenty-two years later—that he was right. Some day some one will make a similar discovery about the social question—that it is not a world problem, but an individual problem.

Only a Few Wars Left

IT IS just a quarter of a century since Beaconsfield at Berlin gave the Turk a new lease of life in Europe, and every winter since that time the political almanacs have predicted an uprising in the spring to complete the work then unfortunately interrupted. The "war-cloud" in the Balkans is a little blacker now than usual, and perhaps it may break at last

Whatever may happen just now, the country of Alexander the Great is a region of unfailing interest because it is one of the few spots on the globe—perhaps the only one—over which a great war is still a logical probability. Notwithstanding the tremendous competition in armaments it is a fact that war on a great scale is becoming obsolete. Business and humanity combined are growing too powerful to permit the peace of the world to be seriously endangered except for very grave cause. It may be said with confidence that if four unsettled questions were out of the way the idea of a great war anywhere in the world could be permanently dismissed.

The first and most serious of these is the Turkish question. That is almost certain to bring on a collision sooner or later: because Russia considers Constantinople and its surroundings worth a war, because the Turks would certainly fight rather than be driven out of Europe, and the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte is a cause of war always available whenever Russia thinks the time opportune for making use of it. A war involving Russia, Turkey and the Balkan peoples would be a great one, even if it went no further, and it would be hard for some, at least, of the other Powers to keep out of it

The second danger point is the far East, where there is a prospect that Japan may sooner or later come into collision with Russia, with possible consequences of which the Anglo-Japanese Alliance gives a hint. The third, where the chance of averting the trouble is much better, is Morocco, and the fourth is Austria, where Pan-Germanism and Pan-Slavism are arousing passions that may overcome the tendency of business and civilization toward peace.

These are the only points at which issues are at stake which the great Powers would consider worth fighting about. Some people might add a fifth possibility—the chance of war in America over the Monroe Doctrine. But if we are well prepared, that is a contingency that need not cause any serious uneasiness. There will be no more great wars except when substantial existing interests clash. All the Powers of Europe have too many troubles of their own on hand to go out of their way to hunt new ones over here.

Hard Times for the Old Man

WHAT is to become of the old man?

During the last year or two the question has been brought before the public by the action of several great business corporations that have retired from work such of their employees as have reached the age of seventy. When their service to the company has been long they have been pensioned

No pension, however, sweetens the bitterness with which a man with his work in full grip sees it taken from him and put into younger and less experienced hands.

"What can these boys know?" he cries. "These are *my* methods: *I* invented that system. What do they know about it?"

But out he goes.

Men of sixty—clerks, superintendents, commercial men, teachers—filled the papers a month or two ago with a chorus of complaints that work was denied them, no matter what their physical or mental condition, simply on account of their age. It is a well-known fact that many congregations refuse to call a pastor who is over fifty. The gray old saint must keep his flock; if he lose it no other will come to him before he dies upon the lonely pastures.

It is a singular fact, however, that such of these old men as have ability of brain or body are always put to some use in their later years. You find few idle old men in this country. And fewer idle old women.

"My grandmother," said one vivacious dame of seventy lately, "at my age had long been relegated to the armchair in the warmest corner. Her one employment was to knit stockings. The family tenderly watched and waited on her. She was sound in health but invalided by the fact of her age. Nobody looks after *me*. I am always frightfully busy. This morning I must make up the accounts of a charitable club of which I am treasurer; this afternoon I am going to tell my Current Events class of my trip down the Volga last year and what I know of the Russian Jews. To-morrow I run down to Washington to talk X. into giving Jem's boy a Consulship X. and I had a flirtation fifty years ago."

Now the same cause accounts for the cruel shunting aside of the seventy-year-old officials, for the employing of them in odd jobs, and for the merciless picking of every live grain out of all worn-out old brains.

It is the Dominion of the Whole over the Unit: the crushing out of the individual by the Juggernaut Community. The country is advancing on its triumphal way to prosperity. But are we trampling down nothing which is nobler and of more value than prosperity?

Can we afford to lose out of life the calm, the significance of leisurely old age? Are no sounds silenced by the thunder of marching feet, sounds which the world can ill afford to lose?

The Cost of Fuss and Feathers

A RICH man, who has made his money by the handling of other men and who enjoys a large reputation for getting results from his employees, was asked the other day what he considered the most costly waste in business life. "Fuss and feathers," he said.

Brown has big ideas. There is no reason in the world why he should not make good—none except fuss and feathers. By the time he gets through talking about his plans and advertising his details somebody has done the work and got the profit.

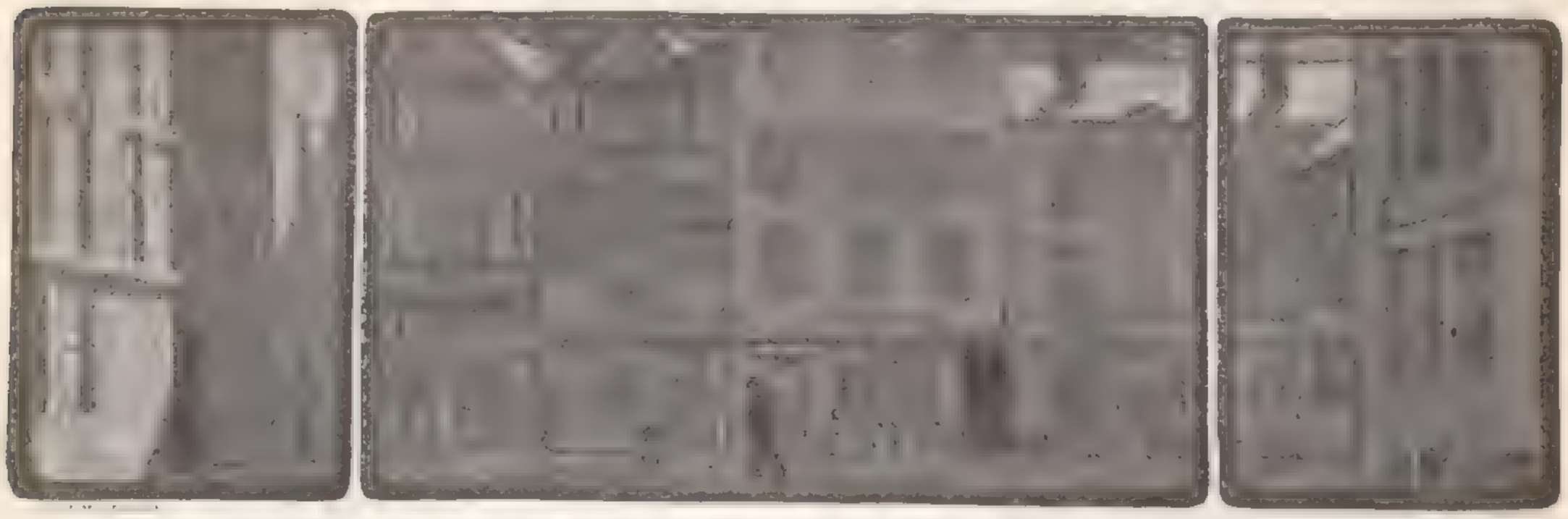
Lamont, the humble reporter, did good service quietly. He asked few questions, said little, went ahead. Cortelyou, the unknown stenographer, grasped his duties, performed them and won a Cabinet portfolio. The men of fuss and feathers wondered why they did not do as well.

Modern business is swift. Its orders do not admit of debate or explanations. A word may mean a full day's toil. The president or manager talks in snappy sentences—each means a task. The employee who understands and does the work without questions gets the next promotion

To a real man of business nothing is more annoying than "How shall I do this?" or "Do you think it ought to be done this way or would you prefer it some other way?" or "I beg your pardon, but I want to be very sure that I caught your exact meaning."

Fuss-and feathers men think they score by impressing their own importance. They don't. Modern business is argus-eyed. It watches its men keenly, weighs their usefulness, judges by results. Time taken in talk is time taken from work. Modern business uses a stop-watch in the close race for success.

UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren



GHOSTLY COUNSEL

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WHEN it came to Parker's turn to tell his experience he showed some desire to escape his obligation, which was most unbecoming conduct in our only man of business.

"You see," he explained, "I am not a soldier who has had adventures, or a writing man who has got imagination; till five years ago I was a corn merchant in Liverpool and spent my time in the rather exciting but also very prosaic occupation of buying wheat if I thought it was going to rise and selling it if I thought it was going to fall. My capital was not large and the market was apt to play the fool with the wisest—my wisdom was not monumental—so that from time to time I had bad luck, and once at least I was in a tight place. If it came to adventures on the market, and the romance of success and failure in speculation, I could tell some rather interesting yarns, but the corn exchange does not suggest the unseen universe. I think our only point of contact with the supernatural is our futures, which are sometimes shadowy enough and occasionally haunt a man with far more terror than any ghost."

"Quite so, Parker," said our host, "but you left corn and you have been living in that country house of yours which looked like a hotel for ghosts with its secret staircases in the wall, its hidden door in the panels, those lonely rooms in the tower, and that vault beneath the dining-room. Come now, own up. Has not some Laird of the past dropped in when things were quiet to see what kind of man had succeeded him? Has nothing happened at Glasclune?"

"Nothing," said Parker; "I give you my word, and I confess that I am rather disappointed, for I thought that some antique of the past with a troubled conscience would have turned up to confess his sin and add a fancy value to the property. The place is absolutely unromantic in spite of its holes and corners, and my life, after the excitement of the corn market, has sunk into dead commonplace. Golf in the daytime, and a little shooting in season, and in the evening I potter among my books and engravings, which were always my by-occupation. Very uneventful, really; I think you had better call on the Doctor."

"Well," said the Barrister, "if you have nothing to tell it's not your blame, and we don't want barefaced inventions, but country houses have not got a monopoly of ghosts. Some curious things have happened in London chambers, or else two or three of my friends have been uncommon liars; and I have often wondered if nothing strange occurred in those gloomy piles of mercantile offices. I remember, when I was on circuit at Liverpool, going down late one night to have a blow on the landing-stage after getting up a very heavy brief, and I was struck as I came back through your corn streets with their solitude and weirdness. There did not seem to be a soul living in the whole quarter, and I could see passages opening into courts behind, and black entries where there might have been all kinds of shadowy figures. I went down one passage and found myself in a well with offices rising up high on every side, a few hours ago full of life and now silent as the grave. Then suddenly a light was turned on in a room on the third floor, and the eeriness of the situation was complete. Was it a burglar who was trying the safe and felt secure in that lonely place at that early hour of the morning? Or was it a merchant who had grown uneasy about his accounts, and had come down to see whether he was solvent or bankrupt? Or was it some cashier who was manipulating the books and carrying on a cunning fraud? Or was it a merchant who had died years ago and was drawn back to the scene of his former business? Do you know I've never forgotten the impression as I stood in that court with its dim light—for the moon which had been faintly shining on the river had gone under a heavy cloud—and looked up to that room with its mysterious occupant? But I beg your pardon; this is not 'my funeral,' as the Americans say. I've told my story already. Seriously, though, does nothing ever happen in those offices except contracts, and does nothing come in except sample bags?"

Barristers have certainly got a way of extracting the truth, and that turned out to be a very successful cross-examination, in a quite informal fashion, for, whatever might be the reason, Parker was distinctly caught by the graphic night scene and surrendered suddenly at discretion.

"No wonder," said Parker, looking at the Barrister resentfully, "that witnesses break down when you take them in hand; your way of touching on other people's secrets comes near to witchcraft. Well, it was not churlishness that kept me silent, or any suspicion that you would give me away, but simply that the story I must now tell is quite incredible, and you will be entitled to conclude either that my brain was heated through the anxiety of a business crisis or that I had been asleep and dreamt what I supposed happened. The only evidence beyond my own testimony that I can bring forward is Glasclune and my retirement from business, for I had never blossomed from a struggling corn merchant into a modest Scots Laird had it not been for a midnight experience in that very quarter the Barrister so graphically described.

"Personal biography is of no use for our purpose, but if it won't bore you I had better tell you my history, and explain the state of my affairs when the incident happened. My father and mother died in my childhood and I was brought up by a guardian, with whom I lived through my boyhood, but who left Liverpool and ceased to have any responsibility for me when I came of age. As I did not know what I wanted to be and only found out when it was too late that the one thing I cared for was the army, my guardian, in the plenitude of his wisdom, apprenticed me to a firm of corn merchants, because, as he said with considerable common sense, people will always want bread, and there must be corn merchants to import the material. Five years I served my time, and I came to know every turn in the rabbit warrens of offices and something about most of the firms. When my time was up the firm, which managed to do a large business on the economical working staff of a cashier, a bookkeeper, an office boy, and seven apprentices, gave me to understand that in allowing me the run of their office and securing from me at least three years' good clerk work, they had done all which an enterprising firm of corn merchants could be expected to do for an apprentice, and that I must secure a situation for myself. As no situation turned up after six months' waiting, and I was now in possession of my very moderate inheritance, my guardian suggested that I should start in business for myself, and secure a senior partner who had large experience and no capital. For three years we worked together, and at the close it had come to pass that I had a very considerable amount of experience and he had all the capital. Our partnership was then dissolved, and he took what business there was into another firm, where he flourished still more abundantly and I was left to look after myself.

"I could not start business on my own account without capital and no one seemed particularly anxious to have me as a servant—at least, there was no frantic enthusiasm in that direction—and had it not been for a certain strange character in the corn market I should have emigrated, or if I had not been too old should have enlisted in a cavalry regiment. But one day, as I was hanging about the street feeling very much down on my luck, some one gripped my arm and I found myself in the clutches of Mr. James Peebles, only partner in the firm of Peebles & Co., who described themselves as corn brokers, and had been about forty years on the market. Mr. Peebles, or 'Jimmy,' as he was known by everybody, and called by most people to his face, was a Scotsman of extraordinary keenness and equal penuriousness. Unmarried, he lodged somewhere in two rooms, dined on a shilling a day, and had amassed a large fortune, which it was understood would be carefully and justly divided, with remarkable provisions against squandering, among a clan of relatives in the hard-headed county of Fife. He was dressed as usual in the shabby gray suit of antique cut which it is certain he had worn for ten years and without which he could hardly have been recognised in the city, and had the familiar stick in his left hand—for he was slightly lame—with which he tapped himself up and down stairs, in and out of offices, and through the Corn Exchange, ever been forgotten or lost no one would have believed in his identity. The sound of the stick was the signal that 'Jimmy' was coming, and the stick itself he used to emphasize his points as he laid down the law on 'futures.' For 'Jimmy' was not really a broker going between merchants, nor was he a merchant himself, but he was a pure, unadulterated speculator, naked and not ashamed. He had one factotum in his office—another Scot almost as curious as himself, who kept the office open and managed such books as 'Jimmy' required. 'Jimmy' never wanted to see any corn and never really possessed any except on paper. He bought for the rise and he sold for the fall; he made his money between the turn of markets, and his foresight was almost superhuman. It did not matter what operations they were carrying on in America, or what surprises they might spring, how disordered the market at home might be, or how sluggish, 'Jimmy' had a scent for what was going to happen, and gathered gain in all kinds of weather. Many a firm in past days had tried to secure his services, and had offered him the most tempting terms, but 'Jimmy' preferred his snug little office of two rooms on the ground floor, at the back of Simpson's buildings, and his independence of speech and action.

"'Weel,' said 'Jimmy,' 'it's just about the time when I take my midday bite, and if ye have no operation in hand, and don't object to share a brandered steak with an old man, we'll step round the corner to the White Horse,' at which ancient eating-house 'Jimmy' had filled a corner at 12·30 for more than a generation.

"'Ye've had hard times, Parker,' said 'Jimmy' when we had broken on the steak, 'and I've been sorry for ye. I've been watchin' ye—there's not much I don't know. There was no man to guide you, and your partner was a verra clever man; maybe too clever as he'll find some day. Your money's gone, I'm judgin', and you've nothing to start with, just so! Weel, I like your appearance, and I count that ye've more brains than they think on the street, though maybe not so much as your late partner, who has one of the biggest low-class, second-rate brains I've ever lighted on; in short, I want to make a proposection to you,' and 'Jimmy' was so expansive that he broke his usual rule of never drinking anything, intoxicating

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of five stories by Doctor Watson, centring on the theme of unexplained experiences. The next will appear in an early number.

or non-intoxicating, except water, and ordered some beer. 'Naebody knows what I'm going to tell you, and ye will be pleased to keep it quiet, but I've resolved to give up business and go back to Fife, for the doctor tells me my course is run. Morrison retires at the same time and he's settling down at Auchtermauchty, where he'll give them trouble in the kirk, if I'm no mistaken, for the rest of his natural life; and, as ye know, there's no business to dispose of. Na, na! The business of James Peebles & Co. begins and ends with me and Morrison, and the office is no what ye call palatial, but it was enough for me and I've a lease o' it for five year I've never believed in charity, for it just helps wastrels, and if ye want a kirk ye must go to Scotland, but I've taken a notion of doing one good deed before I retire, both ways, you know; it will be my last " future

" By this time I was listening with amazement to 'Jimmy's' announcement and imagining the excitement on the market when 'Jimmy' should close his last account

" 'What I have to propose is this: that ye take over the office at the present rent, which is moderate, and that ye do what business ye can, buyin' or sellin' as ye judge the wind to be blowin', for broking is only scrapin', and a merchant, it's no use without a big capital; and Parker, my man, ye'll say nothing aboot it to any livin' soul, for every hospital in Liverpool 'll be after me afore I get out of the city, but I'll start you with a thousand pounds.'

" Within three months I was established in 'Jimmy's' office with a young lad as my solitary staff, and was trying my hand with 'futures.' Unfortunately, it was one thing to succeed to 'Jimmy's' room and another thing to be heir to his astuteness; and before the year was over I had lost most . . . little capital and began to be in deep water. The market was in that state that if a man really could discover, which he must do by instinct, which way the tide was going to run he could make a fortune. It seemed to me as if I was more likely to lose the few hundreds that were still left. One day I took my courage in both hands and bought heavily, so that I stood either to win several thousand pounds or to be hopelessly bankrupt. As I sat alone in my rooms that evening I fell into a panic, and indeed I may frankly tell you men, I've never had either the nerve or the brain for the corn business, and you will understand to-night how I've come out so well As I knew that I could not sleep, and as I had in my office a mass of papers containing reports of the American harvest and statistics of the corn held in store there, and prophecies of the demands and supplies throughout the world and suchlike material on which speculators work, I determined about eleven o'clock to go down to the office and thresh out as best I could the question of policy. The corn quarter was certainly a lonely place when I arrived about twenty minutes to twelve, and I almost hesitated to go into the office, but I laughed at myself as I unlocked the door, for there is not a safer place or a quieter than an office at midnight where there is no jewelry to rob, no securities worth having. I sat down at my table and now I shall describe the place as far as is necessary

" It consisted of two rooms, both looking upon the court behind. One room opened into a passage leading to the street, and was the office; my room opened out of that, and it had a door into another passage, but this I never used, and it was permanently locked From where I sat I could see the court in daylight and the footsteps of any one crossing were quite clear, and indeed resonant. For a little I felt ill at ease, for no other reason than simply the remembrance that there was not a human being in all the buildings around, but after I had settled down to my work and had finished a comparison between the visible stock of corn in February of that year and the amount in February of the year before, and had fairly plunged into the ratio between the stock of corn and the price of corn in the different years at the same date, I was quite indifferent whether the offices round me were full or empty. I had just laid down my pencil in order to digest the figures when . . . there was a crash in the outer office, the door of which was open and into which from where I sat I could not look. What could have happened in a room which was certainly empty, and a moment before was as still as death? I crossed the floor, scratching a match as I did so, for I could not afford to have electric light, which was then being introduced. Certainly there was no one in the room. When I lit the gas the explanation of the noise was evident: a large book in which my lad had been pasting extracts from trade journals, and which he had left on a standing desk, had taken into its head to move, and after, I suppose, some futile attempts during the evening had succeeded with the effect of a demonstration at half past twelve. Why a book which has lain quiet for several hours will at last make for the floor, and why books do not stay still but are perpetually in motion is a problem I have never solved. My experience of books is that unless you have them securely fastened they can't be kept quiet. I locked that book up in a cupboard and went back to my figures, but the interruption had shaken my nerves; and I was conscious of listening, and as soon as you begin to listen at half-past twelve in an empty building you are bound to hear something. One minute it was the gurgling of a water pipe which seemed to be chortling over my anxiety, another it was the scurrying of some mice which had got in from a neighboring sample room, the third it was the moaning of the wind through a ventilator, which was, of course, bewailing my approaching downfall, and the fourth was the closing of a door which had been left open in some cellar, and whose clang echoed up from below

" Better to go back to work and finish my calculations, then a walk home through the keen winter air to brace me up Really, I said to myself, I am getting childish, for now I started at the sound of a step in the passage into which the outer office opened and jumped out of the chair, when there came a loud and imperious knock on the outer office door. Who could be in Simpson's buildings at this preposterous hour, and what did he want with me? When the knock came again I went through the office, and standing carefully within the locked door demanded 'Who is there?' 'Open the door' was the answer with 'the police,' and in an instant I was face to face with a constable, lamp in hand, who had seen the light at that unusual hour and wished to be sure that no mischief was being done. When I had satisfied him with thanks for his vigilance and a trifle for his trouble, and his steps had died away across the court down an opposite passage, I felt more nervous than ever and lonelier. Hurriedly finishing my review, and leaving it for the open air to decide upon my course next day, I had risen to put on my coat when I heard coming, as far as I could judge through the passage by which the constable had left, and entering upon the court, a step I knew well, which indeed was different from any other man's. It was not only the sound of a foot, but the tap of a stick. Was my mind failing, or had sitting in 'Jimmy's' office filled me with imaginations, for I could have sworn by the sound that 'Jimmy' was again among his old haunts. Under an irresistible impulse I turned out the gas and went over to the window. Some one, and that was all I could see, was certainly crossing the court in the direction of our office, and the tapping grew every moment more distinct

" Why, of course it would be 'Jimmy.' Three days before I had written to him and asked him his opinion of the market, for although he communicated with no person and did no business, but was understood to be working a small farm, I knew he received every paper and report in the department of corn, and that the old warrior would always keep his eye on the battlefield. I was careful not to tell him that I was anxious, lest he should think that I was simply begging for simply gave him news and invited any suggestion he might make. He had not replied and I was beginning to [illegible] that he did not wish to take any responsibility I was not astonished, for 'Jimmy' was not likely to involve himself in a hazardous campaign with which he has nothing to do, but I did feel that after his kindness he might have given me a word of advice. I had done the old man an injustice, for now it was plain that instead of writing he had come up in person to Liverpool, and no doubt, in keeping with his policy of secrecy, had arrived by the last train about twelve o'clock. Then, having learned at my rooms where I had gone, for I had told my landlady lest she should be alarmed, he had been nothing loath to follow me down to the old place. He was just the man to enjoy a visit incognito, and I felt grateful for his trouble

All this flashed through my mind as the dim figure crossed the court, and before the tapping had actually come to our side I had reached the office door to bid 'Jimmy' welcome, but when I opened it there was no one in the passage. I looked up and down: no 'Jimmy.' I went out to the court, no sound there, and so far as I could see no person. Then I went back to the office and when I entered my room the first sight I saw was 'Jimmy' sitting in his own chair at the table. Of course, I had forgotten the door from the other passage into the private room, and I remembered now that 'Jimmy' used to reach his room that way when he did not wish to show himself on the market lest he should be questioned, and in order that Morrison, who tasted freely but told no lies, might be able to say that he was not in. He was dressed in the old suit and looked haggard, as if fatigued by his long journey, and did not encourage any salutations but plunged at once into business

' Your letter came when I was [illegible] engaged and I did not get free till to-day, and now I've come to tell you to sell to-morrow and go on selling till ye hear that Jeffrey of Chicago has begun to buy. Close your accounts then, laddie, and ye'll be a rich man. Bring me your books

" When I returned into the office with the ledger 'Jimmy' was gone, having left by the private door of which he had evidently kept a key and which he had locked after him When I hurried round by the other passage I could not find him in the court, and when I went through to the street he was not there. There were many ways by which he could elude me, and when next morning he did not appear at my lodgings I was not greatly surprised, for it would only be like 'Jimmy' to come and go in mystery. I followed his advice during the day, and in the evening stood to win a considerable sum, for the market still was falling. Before I went to bed I wrote him a grateful letter, thanking him for his infallible advice, but scolding him for not letting me thank him, and the morning following I received a letter from Morrison which I can give verbatim

My Dear Sir:

Your letter came four days ago and was read by Mr. Peebles. He intended to answer it at once, but had a stroke two hours afterward, and never said anything again which we could understand We thought that he was troubled about the letter, but he [illegible] directions He died last night without pain at a quarter to one and I thought it right to inform you as he always used to speak in kindly terms about you

" How it came to pass I do not know, but what came to pass so far as I saw, I have told you, and I had so little doubt that somehow 'Jimmy' had been anxious to help me that I continued selling even when others were afraid to do anything till one day news came from Chicago that Jeffrey was again a bull. From that hour I never bought or sold a single bushel, but wound up my business and invested the proceeds in Glasclune and some railway stock, and am fairly comfortable with the proceeds

' Before 'Jimmy' left Liverpool we spent an evening together and he declared his intense satisfaction with his business life.

" 'I'll no deny,' he summed up, 'but that corn is a grand business if ye're sure how the market's going. I doubt that Pittenweem'll be wearisome, and I'm feared at times that I'll not be at home in the next world itself unless I'm allowed to try just one operation.' And 'Jimmy' accomplished one on the largest scale "

MOONRISE

By Herman A. Webster

There was a wild bird singing soft and sweet
From tangled thicket dim. All else was still.
Across the valley where the Whippoorwill
At dusk with silver'd note was wont to greet
The sable night, the day with laggard feet
Had crept to rest behind the purple hill,
And with long arms outstretched the lonely mill
Hung like a huge gray shadow o'er the wheat.

Hushed was the cricket's voice — the beetle's droon —
Even the night-wind as it whispered by
Was stilled; yet from a thicket, shade-enfurled,
There was a wild bird singing to the moon
Low on the east horizon, where the sky
Wrapped in its jeweled depths the listening world.

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Soul Sonnets of A Stenographer

BY S. E. KISER

I

I wonder if 'twould be a sin if I
Should think sometimes how pleasant it would be
If what another has should come to me?
I've never really hoped that she would die,
But if she has to go I wonder why
I might not take her place? They say that she
Has such an awful temper and that he
Can't even smoke except upon the sly

He's worth at least a million—what a pile!
I'm sick of writing "Gentlemen" and "Sir"—
I wonder what he ever saw in her?
She's plain and hasn't got a bit of style;
She has to hide her neck with lace or fur,
And, oh, her voice! It rasps just like a file

II

I don't wish harm to come to any one,
But for a week past she's been very ill.
And if they took her out there on the hill
To lie at rest, and he should, when he's done
The proper thing in mourning, cease to shun
The pleasant paths and wanted me to fill
The vacancy she left, I'd gladly will
Away this old machine I have to run.

He must be fifty, may be fifty-five,
His forehead, like the crab, is going back;
The skin around his chin hangs rather slack;
But fifty five is nothing. Sakes alive!
At that age men are in their prime, they say,
Or very little past it, anyway.

III

Ah me! how sick I am of all these hooks
And foolish curlycues I have to write.
They come to wriggle through my dreams at night,
I'm haunted by the ghosts of copy books:
Life's nothing but a lot of curves and crooks—
And yet it could be, oh, so sweet and bright
If things would only happen as they might,
With Fate's approval, ere I lose my looks

The days might all be sunny days and glad,
The troubles that I have might disappear,
I might forget the sorrows I have had
And give up making hieroglyphics here—
I'd stroke his dear, bald head when he was sad
And gladly cheer him when he needed cheer

IV

I wonder if I really am fair,
Or if my fancy only tells me so?
There are no wrinkles on my brow, I know,
And there's a silky gloss upon my hair
My arms are plump and white, and I can wear
A waist without a collar and cut low;
Upon my cheeks there's just the faintest glow
Except when blushes come to gambol there

The shoe clerks wonder at my little feet;
My nose, save when it's cold, is never red,
I'm certain that my figure's trim and neat,
And those to whom I've been engaged have said
My mouth was very beautiful and sweet—
But what's the use, alas! She isn't dead.

V

There's Roberts making eyes at me again;
I wish that he was rich or stood in line
To get a fortune. Wouldn't it be fine
To just give up and learn to love him then?
I can't help feeling sorry for him when
His sad eyes turn so longingly to mine;
By giving just one gentle little sign
I might make him the happiest of men

He's handsome and he's polished, but, oh dear!
He has his widowed mother on his hands
And men need something more than polish, too.
He'll never win importance working here,
For those who win must boldly make demands
To be rewarded for the things they do.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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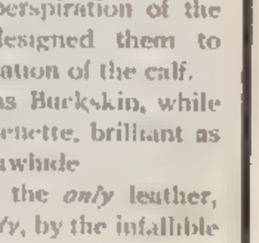

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The Heroism of Surrender Peaslove—By Joe Lincoln

"DOWN WENT THE SUSIE B. LIKE THE R'YAL GEORGE IN THE READIN' BOOK, 'WITH ALL HER CREW COMPLETE'"

HOW HE SAVED THE CREW, AND THE CAPTAIN, TOO, TO P'IZEN SHARKS WITH THE COOK

"WAIT a minute, Lem," said I. "Fair play, you know. I didn't hear the beginning of the yarn; you'll have to go back and start over again."

The assembled company in the fish house grinned, and Lem Mullett swung his big red boots off the mackerel keg and turned to me.

"Oh! how air yer?" he said, holding out a sunburned paw and smiling expansively. "Tain't nawthin' much. I was tellin' the boys 'bout old Cap'n Beriah Sanders and the Susie B."

"Yes," said I, "that's what *I'm* waiting to hear about."

Lem smiled again, bashfully, and looked at the oilskins hanging on the wall, as if for inspiration.

"Wall," he began, "Cap'n Beriah, he used ter live in that big red house down yonder on the lower road. He was a great pompous kind of chap and had been on salt water ever sence he was twelve year old. He'd served in the merchant service and in the navy, and on land, fer a spell, in the Mex'can War. The Mex'can War was his pet. Git the old man started on that and he'd talk the feathers off a chicken. 'Cordin' ter his tell there never was another war like that one, ner any soldiers so brave as them that fit in it. Somebody's hist'ry of that war and the Old Farmers' Almanac was the only books he ever read, and he carried 'em with him wherever he went.

"There was one soldier in partic'lar whose praise he was forever singin', and that was Philander Newcomb—Winfield Newcomb's dad. Beriah used ter swear that he see Philander, at the battle er Bueny Visty, pick up a Mex'can bombshell that had jest dropped in the ranks, and light his pipe at the fuse. That was the end er the yarn when he fust used ter tell it, but he kept addin' trimmin's till it finished by Philander's heavin' the shell back at the Mex'cans and killin' forty of 'em when it busted.

"Philander died years ago, and, after a spell, Beriah done what he called 'retirin' from the sea.' That is ter say, havin' consider'ble money, he quit goin' long v'yages. But as fer his leavin' salt water fer good, yer might 's well expect a duck ter quit swimmin'. He bought a leetle schooner, the Susie B., and used ter go short fishin' trips along the Cape Cod coast here. It never made much odds ter him whether he caught anything er not; 'twas the idee of havin' men under him and bossin' a vessel's deck that he was after. He had a daughter Elviry and she's reelly the beginnin' er this yarn.

Elviry was a purty gal with a good deal of her dad's temper and a will of her own. Most of the young fellers 'round here was after her, but she never cared two shakes of a lamb's tail fer any of 'em but Surrender Peaslove.

Hey? Yus, Surrender Peaslove. Sweet name, ain't it? He was the son of 'Bijah Peaslove. He was born the day that Lee gave up ter Gin'ral Grant, and the old man called him Surrender in honor of the affair. Takin' a mean advantage of the poor defenseless young one, I call it.

"Wall, sir, Cap'n Beriah Sanders was the maddest man on the Cape when he found out that Elviry cared fer Surrender. He fairly jumped and bellered.

"'Peaslove!' he says, '*Peaslove!* Ain't that a name ter swap Sanders fer! And if Peaslove alone ain't bad enough, jest tack Surrender on ter the front end of it. I tell you what, Elviry, if that swab with a Feejee name hangs around here any longer I'll—I'll keelhaul him. I will, by Zachary Taylor!' When the old man was specially wrought up he'd allers swear by somethin' er somebody connected with the Mex'can War.

"Wall, he made a mistake when he took that tone with Elviry. She said she liked Surrender and she'd marry Surrender, and if his name was Soup-kittle 'twould be jest the same. The old man tried a new tack.

'Now, Elviry,' he says, 'don't bring yer father's gray hairs in sorrer ter the grave by marryin' a coward. Yus, he is a coward, too! Where was he when the burglars broke inter his father's house? Up ter Boston, by Santy Anna! and left his pore old father 'n' mother ter be scared purty nigh ter death! Here's Winfield Scott Newcomb beggin' of yer—jest pleadin' of yer, as yer might say—ter marry him. Think of it! The son of a man that lit his pipe at a bombshell and then killed a hundred Greasers with it. And you're tryin' ter throw yerself away on a cowardly puncheon with a name that would scare a puffin' pig.'

"But 'twan't no use. Elviry said Win Newcomb was a big blow hard, and she was sick er hearin' 'bout Philander and the bombshell. Said she wished he'd blowed himself up instead er the Mex'cans. That was next door ter sacrilege with Beriah, so he vowed he'd lock her up in her room until he got back from his next fishin' voyage. The Cap'n was pretty cute fer an old codger. He thought a week in her room would, mebbe change her mind, but ter make things sure he decided ter take Peaslove along with him.

"Yer see, Surrender—though he'd fished some—was a builder by trade, but there didn't happen ter be 'any buildin' goin' on rest then, and the Cap'n knew it. So he see him down ter the post-office, told him he needed an extry hand on the Susie B., an' Surrender said he'd go. Beriah, er course, never told him nawthin' 'bout the row or her bein' locked up.

"So next mornin' Surrender come down ter the wharf. Cap'n Beriah was allers preachin' discipline, and he run the Susie B. in reg'lar clipper-ship style. There wan't only six men, all told, on board, but two on 'em was off'cers. Beriah was cap'n, er course, Win Newcomb was fust mate, Sol Burgess was second mate and cook, I was bos'n, and old Jabez Crow and Surrender was fo'mast hands. Newcomb was fust mate 'cause he was Philander's son and Beriah's favorite. He was a great overgrown ca'f, allers braggin', and everybody but the old man despised him.

"We hadn't got out more'n ten mile when who should walk up from the cabin but Elviry. Bein', as I said, nobody's fool, she'd opened her winder an' climbed out. She'd heard her dad tellin' the housekeeper 'bout his cuteness in takin' Surrender along so she'd got down ter the schooner ahead of us and hid in the cabin.

"Beriah raved and jawed, but it wan't no use, for he dasn't take her back home 'cause he knew Surrender 'd leave when she did. Seems as if every blessed thing went wrong that trip. Fust off, one er the dories bust her towline goin' around Race P'int and was all smashed in the breakers. Then we lost our anchor and had ter put in ter Boston fer a new one, an' Sol Burgess didn't show up when we was ready ter sail again.

"Elviry, she offered ter do the cookin', but the old man wouldn't hear of it. By Monterey, he wan't goin' ter have no woman cookin' aboard *his* ship! So off he goes on a cook hunt and comes back with a darky waiter that he'd come across.

"Wall, we had a fair wind out and when we was 'bout off Plymouth Beriah called the doctor—that's the cook—and says he: 'I'm sick er this mis'rable restaurant shore grub. You make some scouse and doughboys fer supper and have some duff ter top off with.'

"'Yes sah; some what, sah?' says the dortor, lookin' kind er puzzled.

"'Scouse, doughboys and duff,' roars Beriah. 'What ails yer? Have yer ever cooked on a vessel afore?'

"'Well, sah, I—I was cook on a canal boat once, sah.'

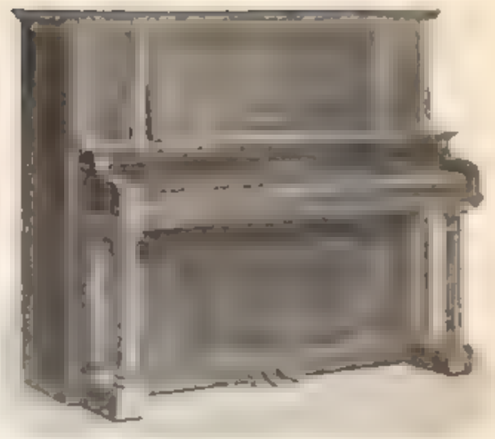
"'Jumpin' Zachary Tay—a canal boat! Gimme a handspike, somebody! Gimme a handspike!'

"The old man went fer the doctor and the doctor went for'ard as if he'd fergotten somethin', scared purty nigh white. The skipper chased him round and round the fo'mast, till at last the cook jumped down the companionway and hid behind the locker where the dishes was. Beriah stuck his head down the hatch and bellered: 'You have a big dish er scouse and doughboys ready by supper-time, er I'll p'izen sharks with yer! D'yer hear?'

"There was more trouble that same afternoon. Win Newcomb, he see Elviry and Surrender havin' a confidential chat, and he went and told the old man. There was a big fuss fer a while and then Beriah sent Elviry down inter the cabin ter stay, and set Surrender ter be lookout up for'ard. He didn't do much lookin' out, I guess, 'cause I see him there, later, readin' the jokes in the skipper's Old Farmers' Almanac that he'd found in the cabin and put in his pocket. Beriah was so upset by the whole business that, by and by, when he had the wheel, he run the Susie B. inter a sandbar with a bump that purty nigh took the sticks out of her. Take it all tergether, he was in a reg'lar fume of a temper when he come down ter git his supper that evenin'. And then there was another rumpus.

"It seems that the cook had been sneakin' round all the afternoon tryin' ter git somebody ter tell him how ter make scouse. Fin'lly, Jabez Crow, he said he'd tell him. Jabez never let a chance fer a joke go by, so he told the doctor how ter make it all right, except that he said yer had ter put a ha'f cup er pepper in it.

"Beriah was mighty hungry and he jest sot down and ladled a spoonful er that peppered scouse right inter his mouth. Hot!



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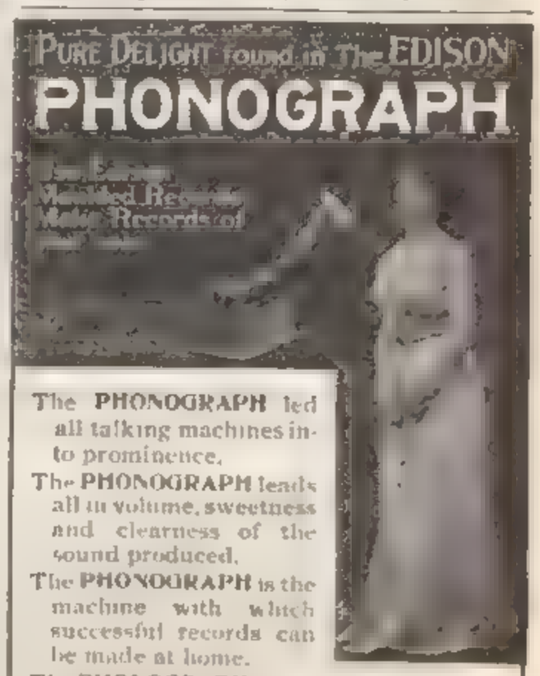

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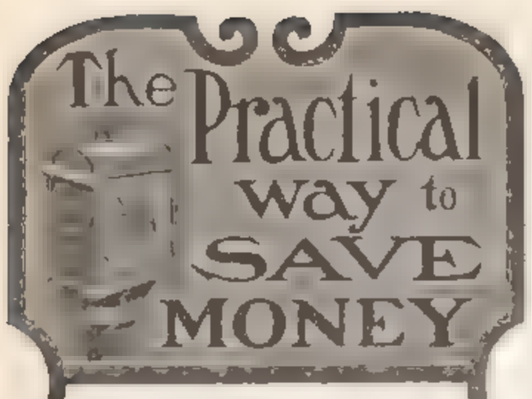

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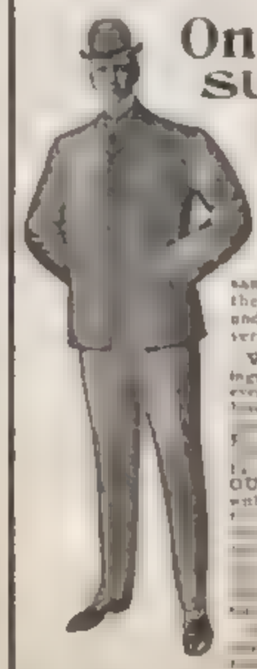

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Don't say a word! I'd as soon et a mouthful of coals off'n the fire. Talk about times! Fust thing the old man done was fire the dish at the cook, and it took him right back er the head and busted all ter smash. The darky, all streamin' with scouse, put fer the deck and up the shrouds. He never stopped till he reached the crosstrees. Beriah didn't chase him. He was busy drinkin' a quart er two er water, tryin' ter drown out the pepper. We tried ter git the cook ter come down, but he said he was goin' ter stay up there all night.

"We was 'bout at the inner end er Cape Cod Bay then. The skipper had cal'lated ter put inter Provincetown that night, but all ter'once the wind died out flat and a fog come up. We drifted round fer a spell and at last the old man lost patience and yelled 'Anchor her right here. We can't fetch port and we can't cruise.'

"We'd curtained off ha'f the cabin fer Elviry, so me and Jabez and Surrender agreed ter sleep on deck. Me and Jabez took fust watch, and then we give up ter Win Newcomb and the darky, who, 'fore he'd come down from aloft, made us promise not ter let the old man kill him. I turned in but was woke up by the sound er oars in rollocks

"I went aft and fust thing I see was Win Newcomb curled up in the lee er the house, sound asleep and snorin' like a grampus. That was how he stood *his* watch. I guessed what was up and went ter the stern ter look fer the dory. She was gone, and I didn't have no shade er doubt the cook was gone with her. I heard him rowin' off in the thick som'ers, and hollered fer him ter come back, but he didn't answer

"My yellin' woke up Newcomb, and he come pokin' along and says, sleepy and muddle-headed, 'Who yer hollerin' to?' I didn't tell him, 'cause jest then I noticed somethin' cur'os. The Susie B. had left B[illegible] with purty nigh an empty hold—nawthin' in her but a leetle ice and salt—and she'd been ridin' high and light 's a feather Now she was settled way, way down in the water. I thought er the bump she'd got on the bar that afternoon and knew this couldn't mean but one thing.

"'Help me off with this hatch,' I says ter Newcomb. We got the hatch off and I swung a lantern down and looked inter the hold There was a reg'lar Noah's ark flood er water in her, jest as I expected. She'd started a plank when she struck in the afternoon, and rollin' in the swell had opened the leak more, and now she was fillin' like a washtub with a hole in the bottom.

"'Wha-wha-what does it mean?' stammers Newcomb

Means that in a mighty short time the fish 'll have a chance ter square up an old grudge,' says I. I called up everybody and told 'em 'bout the leak

"'All hands ter the pumps,' roars Beriah, like he was commandin' a man er war

"'Yer can't pump up the whole er Cape Cod Bay with that thing,' I says

"'Ter the boats, then!' bellers the old man. 'Women and children fust!'

"'Children are scurset 'n snakes' toenails aboard here,' whispers Crow ter me; 'cal'late he must mean Newcomb.'

"Win sartinly did look purty babyfied. His big fat cheeks was hangin' white and flabby, there was tears in his eyes and, take him all tergether, he was a sick-lookin' critter. I told Beriah 'bout the cook's stealin' the dory, and that made him wild.

"'Who let him git away?' he yells. 'Wan't there nobody on watch? Where was the wooden headed lubber on watch?'

'Yer needn't look at me, Cap'n Sanders,' I says; 'yer'll have ter ask Newcomb' Wall, Win, he stuttered and stammered, but fin'lly got it out that he guessed he must er dozed off a leetle

"Would yer b'lieve it, the old man never said 'Boo.' If it had been anybody else he'd have got partic'lar fits, but 'twas Philander's son, so nawthin' was said. But I could see that it had lowered Win a turrible sight in the skipper's estimation. Fust off he was fer h'istin' sail and tryin' ter git ter land, but there wan't a capful er wind, and we'd have only drifted a leetle and then gone down jest the same. There wan't nawthin' ter build a raft of, and no time ter build one if there had been

"'I shouldn't care so much,' says the Cap'n, 'if we could only save Elviry. By Santy Anna!' he whoops, slappin' his leg, 'I fergot 'bout you bein' sech a swimmer Winfield. 'Member how yer told me 'bout your swimmin' the hull length er Long Pond and back? Wall, if yer can swim fur 's that alone, yer ought ter be able ter swim one mile and carry Elviry.'

"'I'm 'fraid Elviry won't be saved if it depends on Newcomb's swimmin', Cap'n,' I says. 'I've known him ever sence he was so high, and he's allers been scared ter go inter water much over his knees. *I* don't think he can swim at all.'

"The old man looked at Win, waitin' fer him ter conterdict me, I s'pose, but all he done was hang down his head and look foolish. The skipper see how 'twas and yer could tell that his idol was smashed. 'Wall, then,' he says, discouraged like, 'all we can do is drown.' And at that, would yer b'lieve it, Newcomb bust right out cryin'; yus, sir, blubb'rin' jest like a baby! Say, wan't Beriah disgusted!

"'What are yer bellerin' fer?' he roars; 'where's yer blood? Where's yer Bueny Vista sperrit?'

'Jest then I see Surrender comin' from up for'ard, though what he'd been doin' up there I couldn't imagine. He beckoned ter Elviry, and them two whispered tergether, mighty eager. Beriah walked ter the rail and looked at the water

"'Seems sort er like a fun'ral, don't it?' he says. 'Seems as if we ought ter sing a hymn, er somethin'. I dunno what's customary fer a feller ter do when he's dyin', I ain't never had no experience, somehow.'

'Means he never died afore,' whispers Jabez Crow ter me. It took more'n the prospect er drownin' ter keep Jabez from seein' the ridic'lous side er things.

"'I b'lieve folks usually fergives them that's wronged 'em,' Beriah went on; 'wall, I fergive everybody. No, I don't, though!' he roars all of a sudden; 'I don't fergive that cook. Don't anybody ask me ter fergive *him*. By Monterey! I'll——' He sputtered on 'bout the cook fer a while, and then he went on a new tack. 'We must die like men,' he says. 'That's it! Elviry, you and yer old father 'll die like men.'

"I didn't pay much attention ter his talk fer I was expectin' the schooner ter sink any minute. I know now how a feller feels when he's waitin' ter be hung. Just then Surrender Peaslove come for'ard

"'Cap'n Sanders,' says he, lookin' mighty grand and noble. 'I'll save yer daughter

"'What?' roars Beriah.

"'*I'll* save Elviry or die a-tryin'.'

"The old man stared at him a minute ter see if he meant it, but anybody could see he did. Heroism was stickin' out all over him, as yer might say. Then Beriah grabbed his hand

"'Surrender Peaslove,' he says, 'I've been mistook in you. You've got the most outlandish name on the Cape, but you ain't no coward. No, sir, you're as brave as any man that fit in the Mex'can War—'cept one, and'—lookin at Newcomb—'*he* had a mis'rable, cowardly Greaser fer a son You're a hero; that's what yer be! And if yer save Elviry I'll let yer marry her, by Santy Anna!'

"It never seemed ter occur ter the Cap'n that, long 's he was goin' ter be drownded in five minutes he couldn't stop 'em marryin' if he wanted ter. But Surrender didn't seem ter think er that either

"'How air ye goin' to save her?' said the Cap'n.

"'Why, that's easy, father-'n-law!' he yells; 'all we've got ter do is——'

"But he wan't quick enough. There was a lurch, a frightful howl from Newcomb, and down went the Susie B. like the R'yal George in the readin' book, 'with all her crew complete.'

"But she didn't go fur. Not more'n a couple er feet. Then she stopped and sort er rolled over ter one side.

"'Jest as I was goin' ter observe,' says Surrender, ca'm as could be, 'Cap'n Sanders, if you'd read yer Old Farmers' Almanac as faithful as I done yesterday afternoon, yer'd know that it will be low tide at 'bout ha'f-past two this mornin'. Likewise, if the rest er you fellers had happened ter remember, like me, that the tide in this part er the bay goes out a mile and a quarter, and if yer'd taken soundin's with a fishline same as I done a short spell ago, yer'd know the way ter save Elviry, and also the rest of us. All we've got ter do is ter step overboard and walk ashore.'

"Wall, there wan't nawthin' ter be said. I know one feller that felt like a fool, and I guess there was others. The old man didn't speak a word till we'd waded ha'f way ter the mainland. Then he says

'Surrender, I reckon you and Elviry's sort er beat me, but p'raps it's all fer the best. Anyhow'—with a sort er contented sigh—'I'll live ter p'izen sharks with that cook yit.'"

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[illegible] Mutual Saving Fund, [illegible] is accorded for the protection of the depositors [illegible] business with this Society without a personal visit to [illegible] simple matter. Write for booklet and full information will be sent. Interest allowed on all deposits

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The Busy Beaver Brotherhood

A Study in Practical Cooperation

By Hayden Carruth

OLD PERFESSOR BUNKER

THE fortunes of the Busy Beaver Co-operative Brotherhood afforded Mr. Milo Bush a good opportunity for the exercise of his narrative powers. The student of social problems might have wished for more particulars concerning the actual working plans of the organization and less about the [illegible] Bunker and the ingenuous Gander [illegible] but Mr. Bush was always averse to supplying information on points in which he took no personal interest, so I can only give the account in his own words as follows:

You see, it was old Perfessor Bunker who introduced the idgee into the town and started the thing. A great reader the Perfessor was. A stoodent of history, and a hefty thinker. Used to come into Shanks' and set himself down in a cheer and haul out a book and read for two hours, sliding his finger along under each line and sort o' prying up on the hard words, and never peep for the whole time. Then he'd shut up his book and close his mouth very tight and think—a-digesting [illegible] as we used to say. Then after some time he'd sort o' come to and look around, take a long, sliding pull on his whiskers and say: "My friends, the kentry is going to the dorgs," and get up and walk out. And prob'bly outside he'd meet one of Al Doty's dorgs, and take a kick at it, free and furious, him being dead sot agin dorgs, and generally his boot would fly off, on account of him wearing 'em uncommon roomy for corns, and the dorg would grab the boot and streak it for home, Al being a jovial critter and having 'em trained for this purpose. Which, of course, wouldn't improve the Perfessor's temper, and he would go home pretty mad, taking one long step with his stocking foot and two short ones with his boot foot, the same being cowhide, extra heavy. After which Al would take him the other boot in a wheel-barrer, pretending he could hardly push it, and stopping to rest frequent, and with a small part of his dorgs, say about a hundred and fifty, follering behind. A very fine neighbor, Al was, and if there could 'a been a tax collected on his dorgs it would 'a paid the national debt.

Well, the old man said so mighty little and looked so mighty solemn that we made up our minds he must be 'bout the smartest man in the place, and when he *did* say anything we just listened and took it to heart. One day he shut up his book as yoosual, tested his whiskers and found 'em still fast, and says he: "Friends, the kentry is going to the dorgs." "If that's the case," says Abner Blackmark, "I move that one million dollars be, and hereby is, appoperated to wedge on the kentry's boots." The Perfessor looked around with his mouth shut like a time-lock, and then says he: "Young man, if this is a season for yooner then I am mistaken. The kentry is going to the dorgs. Something oughter be done." "What's your plan, Perfessor?" says Mark Wallis. "I have give the matter *some* thought," returns the Perfessor, "and think I have *some* idgees on the subjec. It is the dooty of every man, I conceive, to put his hand to the pleugh." "Correct," says Mark. "The rich," continners the Perfessor, "are growing richer, and the poor poorer. Our Republic is being turned into an oligarchy. Our legislative halls are the haunt of corruption. Men are bought and sold like cattle. Justice has fled shrieking from our courts, and our jedges, gentlemen, barter their decisions for pelf. Our Constitution, gentlemen, that proudest political dockerment framed by the hand of man since the people of England wrung the Maggy

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4 From Beethoven
4 From Liszt
1 From Handel
4 From [illegible]
1 From Bizet
8 Popular Airs

Second Man

who has studied music ordered

[illegible]

One Year Later

he ordered

[illegible]

The first man keenly enjoys symphonies and sonatas, the very names of which were formerly unknown to him. The other man, who ordered some "stuff" in order to please his children and friends from time to time, now appreciates the fun and swing of jolly music when it is properly played. The Angelus has added capacity for enjoyment to each of these music lovers.

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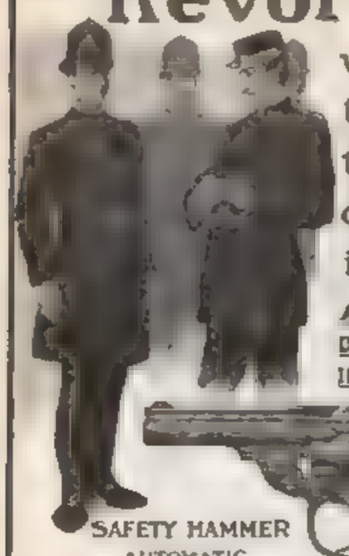

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Carter from the nobles, is being dragged in the mire and made a door-mat of." He shut his mouth with a snap and looked around. We sot in silence, scarcely breathing. The only sound to be heard was Al Doty's dorgs outside, pounding the sidewalk with their tails in unison, waiting for him to come out

Well, he talked some more, getting us more and more worked up, and then we asked him what was the remedy. "I conceive it lays in one word," says he; "cooperation. The system of competition has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. Through cooperation and all working for the common good we may struggle back to peace and happiness. Let us start the movement here Let us form a cooperative brotherhood and work for the common weal." Well, he talked for some time, and the end of it was that we organized the Busy Beaver Cooperative Brotherhood. Everybody went in, and we had one store where we could get things in exchange for orders worth one dollar apiece, one being issued to every man for each day's work no matter what he worked at, so all would be on a level and there wouldn't be no hard feelings and no danger of an oligarshy. Winter was just coming on, and there not then being a railroad within a hundred miles, we was shut off from the rest of the corrupt kentry and left alone, a band of brothers

Well, there ain't much more to tell. All worked of course well and we would have set an example to the world, if it hadn't been for Ganderfoot Ganderfoot just come along. We don't know from where, but I reckon it must a' been from the corruptest part of the kentry He was the biggest man you ever seen over six feet high, and wide. Had a knobby face and considerable lower jaw Asked about the Brotherhood, and the Perfessor explained it all. Said it was right on his line. Agreed with everything the Perfessor said. Come in with us, and begun to draw his dollar in scrip every day like the rest of us. The Perfessor was tickled. "He is our fust recroot from the capital-ridden kentry," says he. "Others will foller. We are lighting a torch which will yet inflame the world." Ganderfoot drawed his dollar order every day, and at night he played poker. We seen, alars, when it was too late, how wicked it is to gamble Ganderfoot always won He finally got several hundred dollars' worth of the scrip. Then one day, just before a big blizzard, he come into the store and with his dollar orders bought all the flour, and bacon, and beans, and sugar, and pertaters and such things that there was, and took them over to his house, leaving nothing but baking-powder, and saleratus and cayenne pepper, and lemon extract, and yeast cakes and breakfast food and such stuff. We looked serious, but the Perfessor said it was all right. "He cannot refuse to sell back such as he does not want at the established rate," says he; "I conceive we are brothers." But the next day when we went to him to get something he cocked up his eye at the ceiling and says he: "Gents owing to the war cloud in Europe the prices of all foodstuffs have advanced one hundred per cent.," at the same time carelessly leaning on a barrel of flour and making a big grab in his belt obnoxiously conspickerous. We withdrew to the front of the room for a conference. "It is all right," says the Perfessor in a whisper; "it is all right. I expected it As a practical reformer I have a plan to circumvent the grasping scoundrel. We will issue more scrip unbeknown to him. You go ahead and invest what you've got and I'll go and start up the printing-press." So we went back and Abner says to him: "Of course as business men we understand how these here war clouds play hob with the markets I'll take a sack of flour at the war price." And he produced a handful of scrip. "Owing to the uncertainty in furren affairs and the stringency in the home markets," says Ganderfoot, again cocking up his eye, "only United States legal tenders is now received." Our jaws dropped, and we filed out and sought the Perfessor and related the circumstances. The old man listened with stern lips; then he sot down and the tears bust from his eyes. "Of course you have a remedy for this also?" says we. "There is no remedy in the world for a man who demands cash money," says he. "I conceive we are done up. The oligarshy has us by the throat"

Then he bowed his head and motioned for the boy to stop the press

Three weeks later the corrupt and soulless Ganderfoot left town, taking with him the last cent in the community

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The Balance-Sheet of the Session

(Continued from Page 9)

the Philippine tariff law. The reports of famine in the islands have been officially verified. There is no doubt that Congress believed that famine exists. The fact that Congress appropriated three million dollars—a mere drop in the bucket, by the way—proves that Congress accepted the facts of the famine. In all the debate on the subject no question was raised on the facts. Industry in the Philippine Islands [illegible]. Agriculture is [illegible]. Practically the only [illegible] salaries of officers of the Government and the money spent by traders. The price of living has risen. A carriage costs as much in Manila to-day as it does on Lower Broadway in New York. And the standard of living has risen since the American occupation. The simple life of six years ago has vanished. The natives have become ambitious with no industry and no agriculture to thrive on. A plague has destroyed their cattle and a pest has destroyed their crops. All the justice in the world can't prevent famine, and with famine the fairest government on earth or in heaven would have to face rebellion. It is the stomach, and not the heart and head, that [illegible] of the world. Injustice, tyranny and misgovernment are but polite names for hunger. The Congress knew these things. It knew also that those who should be able to give exact information said that the tariff bill proposed by the Republicans would give much relief. If instead of ten million people in the Philippines five thousand were starving in, say, some American State, in, say, Michigan, and a reduction of the tariff would save them, that reduction would come in three days. Public sentiment would crucify the Congressman who voted against it, or who came home with an excuse instead of a result for his constituents. But half a dozen men in the Senate literally talked this measure to death in the interest of a local industry, and no one cares particularly. There is no outburst of popular indignation, and when the Congressmen explain that their industries will be crippled by removing the duties on sugar and tobacco, the mere fact that millions of human beings are threatened with suffering and many with actual death by starvation, while American soldiers will be killed in the political disturbances that must follow, these trivial considerations do not convince the people that the Congressmen have acted unwisely. The nation has not come to the stage of civilization where suffering behind the scene becomes part of the dramatic action. Public sentiment in America is perfectly willing to let men suffer most wretchedly if only they will go out of sight to do [illegible]. Misery of an alien, and to all of us a foreigner people, many thousand miles away, has merely a casual interest, even if that people does happen to be under our immediate custodianship. It will take many wars and much more bloodshed than American soldiers have spilled to bring these people as close to us as the African slaves were to the Yankees, and as the natives of India are to England. Imperial power is a natural human desire but imperial duty must be a matter of slow growth and moral education. It does not spring full-panoplied in any people.

There is, however, every reason for Americans to felicitate themselves on their growth in the proper altruistic imperial spirit. The failure of one bill, however vital, does not indicate that the nation is altogether selfish and entirely incapable of the task of governing dependencies. For the one bill that has failed half a dozen excellent laws have been enacted. At the first session of the Congress that just adjourned enough good legislation was accomplished to balance the failure of the tariff bill, serious as that failure is. The passage of the Philippine currency bill at this last short session proved the Congress wise and just. Indeed, there is no doubt but that since the Spanish war the tendency of Congress has been to rise above petty factional and sectional, and even party, jealousies, and to become a National Legislature instead of a meeting place of selfish delegates from contending States. Since we have acquired the Philippines as a nation we have taken a somewhat larger view of the world, and consequently our own importance in it has rather diminished. Ten years ago it was the American boast that we could get along without

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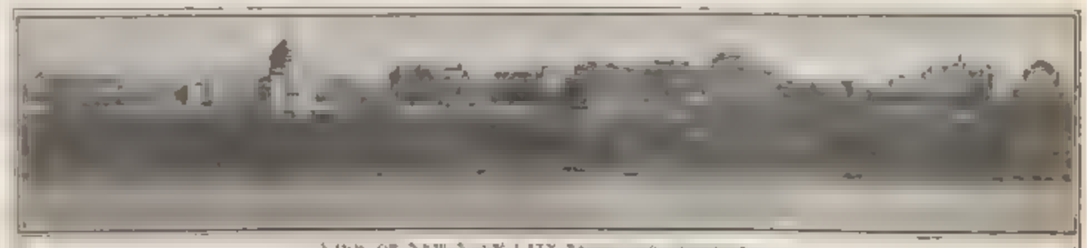

VIEW OF NEW YORK CITY FROM [illegible] STREET

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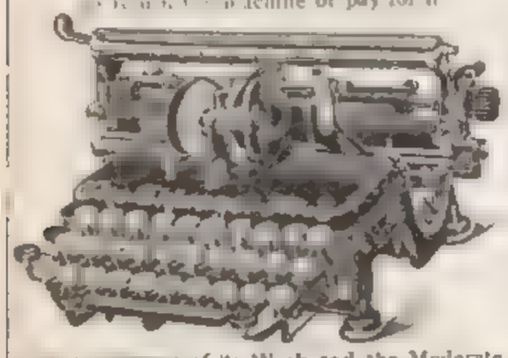

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the rest of the world. Now we are proud to be a world-power, and though, as in the case of the Philippine tariff bill, we may fall back to the provincial selfishness of a minor power, jealous of the encroachments of our own wards in our own commerce, yet in the main the legislative acts of the American Congress in treating the new dependencies has been manly and wise. If the upward tendency is to continue the character of the men who go to Congress and [illegible] will improve. Just now there is no place for a sound political economist or a sociologist in Congress. He would have to be a politician first in order to hold his job; and even if he came from a State that cared for a scholar in politics the scholar would have to be a politician in order to get far in Congress. For Congress is a great log-rolling contest. Sheer brain for [illegible] for little. The man with the best ideas in the world would be insignificant in Congress unless he could help men with power to do unimportant things and get their help to help him with his [illegible].

But if the ideals of the people are about to change [illegible] to better in reference to their Congress, their ideals of Congressmen will change, and the whole nation will receive a new birth in the spirit. In so much as politics is dirty [illegible] it is not really very dirty, the dirt comes from the people and their low moral standards in [illegible] things than politics in business for instance. If a national unselfishness in matters political is developed it will make the nation squarer in everything and life will be better and cleaner than it is now. This may or may not help the hymns. But that is not the real concern. The historian who told of the good Samaritan's deeds never did say whether the man who fell among thieves got well from his wounds. He is of no importance; it is America, not the Philippines, that will be the chief beneficiary or the great loser in this little journey on the international Jericho road!

Little Stories of the Stage

conclusion from Page

birds to peck at and not for healthy mortals to enjoy.

'Well, I must go upstairs, put on my dress suit—and look forward to a hungry evening.'

Calvé's maid came down into the hotel [illegible].

'Madame cannot see you," she said, "but says for you to talk to me—I am the same as madame, you know. I have been with her for years and know her thoughts and her feelings. Whatever I say is as madame would say it—so she begs you to interview me and put her name to it in the paper. I am ready, monsieur, whenever you are." But I begged to be excused.

All things must have an ending. One might chatter on of Modjeska and her husband, the Count Bozenta, and of the lively interest they take in American elections; of Marcella Sembrich and her husband, and how she practices four hours a day, the while he plays the piano for her; of Julia Marlowe's wonderful smile when being interviewed, of De Wolf Hopper's jokes and quips and easy way of taking life and passing time when talking for publication; of Helen Marvin's robust laugh, which she cultivated for a character and which stuck to her ever after; of Robert Edeson's dislike of hauling the American flag in a play—"get the spirit of Americanism in the drama," says he, "but don't haul the poor old flag in"; of John Drew's quilted pajamas, and his saying that if he wasn't an actor he'd as lief be a bricklayer as anything else he could think of, and—well, all things must have an ending.

But the men and women of the stage are [illegible] like the men and women of the same intelligence anywhere else under the sun. They have their little hobbies, their little tricks of voice, their little eccentricities, just the same as other folks have.

They only differ in one little detail from the rest of the world—and that is, that they're more entertaining. They usually have something to say, know how to say it, and are [illegible] through and through—the women as well as the men.

The Emerson Shoe

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HONEST ALL THROUGH

ALWAYS MADE WITH

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EVERY PART of the Emerson Shoe is of uniform high quality. Soles, Uppers, Linings, and Trimmings are as good as money will buy.

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The "Emerson" is original in design, and as comfortable as a slipper. No other shoe is so widely known, nor so much praised.

Well dressed men prefer the "Emerson" because it has a style all its own, and combines comfort with the longest possible service.

Emerson shoes are made in two grades, $3.50 and $5.00, and both are unequalled in their class.

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Write to-day for our illustrated catalogue (free) which describes our goods truthfully explains our method and our guarantee and makes it safe, simple and easy for you to get carriages, harness and horse accessories direct from our factory at wholesale prices.

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The Only Perfect Bath

[illegible] bathe the old way, we will send our

PERFECTION VAPOR SHOWER BATH FREE

for fifteen days' trial, all charges prepaid. If you are then willing to be without it, send it back at our expense.

It is the only perfect shower bath made that can be used [illegible] minutes—no plumber needed. It is as handsome and serviceable as a plumbed-in shower, yet costs but a fraction of its price. It is a shower and vapor bath in one, and the only invention that will enable you to take a complete Turkish Bath at home. The shower invigorates the system, soothes the nerves, braces up the whole body and prevents colds. The vapor brings great relief to many chronic ailments—full particulars in our book.

[illegible] expense. [illegible]

"The Story of a Perfect Bath," beautifully [illegible] from life, sent free on request.

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TO THE WOMAN [illegible] household upon [illegible] Health-Keeper in the Family, we offer [illegible] denominate our MOTHER'S COURSE IN HOME NURSING.

This comprises a series of twelve lectures mailed weekly, with question papers, complete in three months. This course will enable you to become not only a **Health Repairer** but a **Health Creator**, and the class forming April 20th will have at least [illegible] and special booklet C.

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It stimulates and promotes a healthy, vigorous condition of the stomach. Try it once. Sold by all grocers.

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To the Land of the Midnight Sun

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NORWAY, SWEDEN, RUSSIA and DENMARK

[illegible] and health-giving cruises, upon the [illegible] Princessin Victoria Luise [illegible] "Auguste Victoria" are unsurpassed. No [illegible] All arrangements strictly first-class.

Three Grand Cruises to Norway, the North Cape [illegible] Spitzbergen by the special [illegible] Prinzessin Victoria Luise [illegible] from [illegible] June 6th, July 7th and July 28th, 1903. [illegible] cruises 17 to 23 days. Cost $[illegible]

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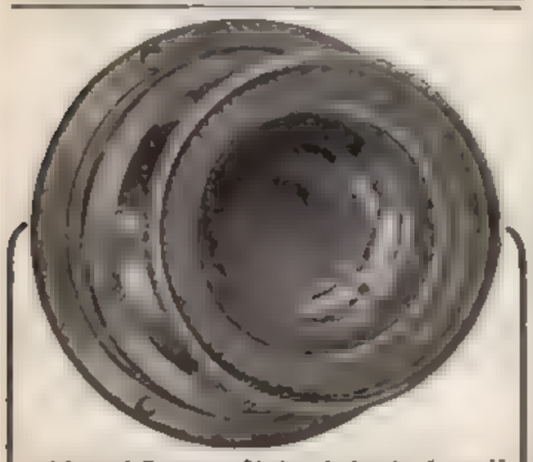

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You Buy a Watch

for the excellence of its [illegible] movement, so a camera 99 per cent. of the value is in the lens [illegible] therefore, when selecting a camera, look well to the lens [illegible] as it will depend the success or failure of your photography.

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is universally used by [illegible] photographers, by experts as the finest [illegible]

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[illegible] quick ten permanent relief. We weave them to your measure from new elastic (made by us), insuring fit and durability, and we sell and ship direct [illegible] to you at manufacturers' [illegible] Send for Catalogue, measuring directions and prices.

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And a Complete Shoe Polishing Outfit for 25c. Sufficient for 1 shines. It is in a tube. You can't spill it. Shoes wear one-third longer where Shushine is used exclusively, as it never hardens or cracks the leather. It is easy to apply and [illegible]

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Studios:

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

THE UNLADYLIKE LADYBIRD—It appears she has a prodigious appetite for very coarse food.

THAT the San Jose scale, which is one of the most destructive of orchard pests, can be successfully combated by importing and propagating the Asiatic ladybird to devour it, is the discovery made by Government entomologists through careful scientific experiments. This is a matter of great significance to the orchardists of America. These specialists at Washington are now raising this alien species of ladybird (*chilocorus similis*) for general distribution, during the coming spring and summer, throughout the United States.

It has been discovered by actual count that one of these Asiatic insects will devour over 7000 San Jose scale larvæ in a day. When it is realized that the offspring from a single pair of these beetles number about 1000, and that even a larval *chilocorus* has a daily capacity and appetite for 1500 scale larvæ the enormous economic value of the Asiatic ladybird in destroying the San Jose scale becomes apparent. In fact, 1000 adult beetles raised by a single pair would devour in one day 7,000,000 scale larvæ, while the daily repast of the matured brood of 1000 pairs of ladybirds would be 7,000,000,000 scale larvæ. Scientifically propagated, the broods number five annually.

Hitherto attempts have been made to induce native American ladybirds to feed on the San Jose scale, but without success. In leading up to the present discovery eminent entomologists from the United States traveled extensively searching for the original habitat of the San Jose scale. This has been found to be in the northern and northwestern frontier of China. There it was discovered also that its natural enemy is the *chilocorus similis*, and so when imported this Asiatic ladybird instinctively attacks the San Jose scale.

It is suggested by the scientists who are directing these investigations that the San Jose scale hereafter be called the Chinese scale. It is believed that it was brought to California on Chinese peach trees imported by the late James Lick.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN HEATER—A pocket plant that will protect a man against any extreme of climate.

A STEAM-HEATING plant has been devised so ingeniously compact that it may be attached without inconvenience to a man's body, and yet so effective in its distribution of heat that it will, it is asserted, protect the wearer against the most Arctic-like weather.

This portable steam-heating contrivance is designed not only for persons of frail physique but for all classes. It may become of especial value to those exposed for hours at a time to intense cold, and more particularly still to those who thus exposed have no chance to counteract the devitalizing effect of frigid temperatures.

It is believed by the promoters of this new departure in applied science that a man equipped with portable steam heat will be perfectly comfortable riding in the open air against the severest storms.

The radiators of this portable system of heating are formed of plant, elastic material,

We show you here the trade mark on the sole of our Royal Blue shoe; we call it "The Sole of Honor," a term which not only describes the shoe, but defines our intention regarding it.

That mark is the sign of a good shoe; as good as a third of a century of good-shoe making has taught us how to produce: the best of materials, the sturdiest of oak leather soles, the most skillful workmanship.

What it means to us it ought to mean to you: good fit, good service, good style: a promise of all these and an assurance that you are to get them, or your money back.

Thousands of good shoe men all over the country sell Selz Shoes. If there is no such dealer where you are, let us know; it will pay you to let us know. You'll find Royal Blue Rubbers on the market next fall; better rubbers than you're used to.

SELZ CHICAGO

Largest Makers of Good Shoes in the World.

A Trust Builder in Knee Trousers

ROY DUDLEY is the "*Promoter*" of a "*Trust*"

Composed of school boys in a Virginia city [illegible] promoting his "combine" he displayed the energy [illegible] and ingenuity of a Morgan. His dividends amounted to $8.20 the first month.

[illegible] young Dudley started to sell **The Saturday Evening Post.** He got permission [illegible] department stores [illegible] would mean "ruin to [illegible] ed to re-sell copies to "Taffy" [illegible] to him a part of the customers nice [illegible] the understanding that he would [illegible] Then he made the same [illegible] of a bargain with Taffy's younger [illegible]

Three other boys had started to sell **The Post** before the "combine" was organized. He asked them to join his combination; they refused his terms and serious trouble was threatened. Next week Master Roy secured 14 new [illegible] territory in which his rival was working. Then he offered to "absorb" his competitor by giving him these new customers, provided he would get some more new ones and thereafter buy his copies from the "monopoly." The remaining two boys "compromised" and started work under Roy's direction the following week.

Then Dudley wrote to the publishers explaining what he had done, and offered to place a standing weekly order for three [illegible] no new boys were appointed during that time. Within two [illegible] he was selling 350 copies a week. One [illegible] sold a thousand copies. This is the record of a boy in knee trousers, ten years old.

Something like 6000 boys are earning money by this plan. Some are making $12 to $15 a week—all are earning money each week. You can do the same. NO MONEY REQUIRED TO START. We will furnish ten copies the first week free of charge, to be sold at five cents a copy. You can then send us the wholesale price for as many as you find you can sell the next week.

If You Will Try It we will send the [illegible] BOOKLET in which twenty-five out of more [illegible] thousand bright boys tell in their own way just how they have made a success of selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST outside of school hours.

$300 IN EXTRA CASH PRIZES will be distributed Next Month among our boys.

ADDRESS, BOY DEPARTMENT

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Ralston HEALTH
SHOES $4
are better—lasts, leather, fit, finish
Made with an idea, need no "breaking in."
Stock No. 64 Ludgate Last, Rubber Genuine Patent Corona Colt Kid (used in all our Patent shoes).

We have local agents in most all cities and towns of the United States. Where there is no agent WE SELL BY MAIL [5c extra for delivery] and guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money. Union made.
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Have been Established over 51 Years
They are modern masterpieces of artistic production.
The designer's art gives the *Vose* a beauty of appearance that is in perfect keeping with the high form of musical art made possible by *Vose Tone* and *Vose* Construction.
By our easy payment plan every family in moderate circumstances can own a piano. We will deliver the piano at your residence. You can deal with us at a distance the same as in Boston. *Send for our handsome catalogue H, which gives full information.*
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It really means a Year's Supply of
CIGARS FREE
We guarantee [illegible] for years, and go [illegible] with the same time tested brands of cigars selling them by the box, charges paid, at precisely factory wholesale prices, putting the profits of jobber [illegible] Retailer—three profits in your [illegible] line is so very complete [illegible] suit all tastes—that we absolutely guarantee to please you, besides saving one-half of your smoking expenses—if not—if you are not in every way entirely satisfied—we give you
YOUR MONEY BACK
[illegible] dingly. Write for [illegible] everything. For $1.00 we will send a box [illegible] got in boxes of 25, 50 or 100 to suit tastes, others from 4 to 8 cents each, according to size.
All transportation charges prepaid.
JOHN B. ROGERS & COMPANY
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REFERENCE: Any Bank, Any Agency, Any Customer

STAMMER
[illegible] LEWIS STAMMERING SCHOOL, 110 Adelaide St. Detroit, Mich.

and may be worn without discomfort either under the hollow of the foot or at the sides of the ankles in the upper part of the shoe or other footwear. The radiators are composed of chambers or tubes through which the heating medium may be circulated by means of pliant tubes. It is designed that these pipes may be carried within the clothing and may be supported at intervals by elastic bands, clasps or attachments to keep them in place. Radiators attached to the hands or at the wrists are supplied with heat by tubes passing up the back and down through the sleeves of the coat. All the tubes ramify from a heater conveniently attached by straps or suspenders, so as to be worn upon the back near the waist-line

The construction of the heating apparatus is ingenious. From a central chamber containing a non-congealable liquid, such as a strong saline solution, a pipe leads to a heater, consisting of a coil and a novel form of furnacelike lamp, diminutive and light, yet capable of generating much heat. The liquid, after becoming vaporized, is conducted to the distributing system, and by economic appliances does not escape, but in its work of warming the hands, feet or other portions of the body of the wearer keeps up a continuous circulation, passing back to the central heater and again into the distributing system

By means of a valve the wearer can control the outflow of heat.

PEARLS FROM FISH-SCALES — How the artificial pearls, now so much worn, are made.

PEARLS are more in fashion to-day, and command a higher price, than ever before—a fact which may have something to do with the increased demand for artificial pearls

For a long time the process of manufacturing artificial pearls was a secret, but recently it has become known. It was well understood that the pearly stuff used for coating the inside of the glass globules employed was obtained from the scales of a little fish called the "bleak," but the rest of the business was a mystery. It is explained that these scales, twenty thousand of which are required to make an ounce of the imitation, are first carefully washed and then ground very fine in a porcelain mortar. The grinding rubs off from the scales their pearly particles, which, when the mass from the mortar is mixed with water and poured on a linen cloth stretched over a tub, pass through the delicate mesh of the fabric, leaving the rest of the material behind

The liquid is drawn off into glass bottles and left standing until the pearly stuff has settled to the bottom. Then the water is poured off, and there remains only a silver white substance of high glitter. On drying it shows as a soft silver-gray powder. This, then, is the material that is to be used for converting the globules of glass into pearls.

The workman mixes the pearl powder with a small quantity of colorless liquid gelatine, and introduces it into each glass globule by sucking it up into a glass tube drawn to a point, allowing a drop to fall into the globule, and turning the latter this way and that until its inner surface is quite covered with the solution. Then he allows it to dry, but to prevent the pearly inner coat from becoming detached from the glass, and also to give the artificial pearl greater weight, he fills the globule with melted wax

Real pearls, unfortunately, are very perishable, and that is one reason why the imitations find such favor

A HUMAN FLYING FISH — A modern adaptation of Mercury's winged shoes.

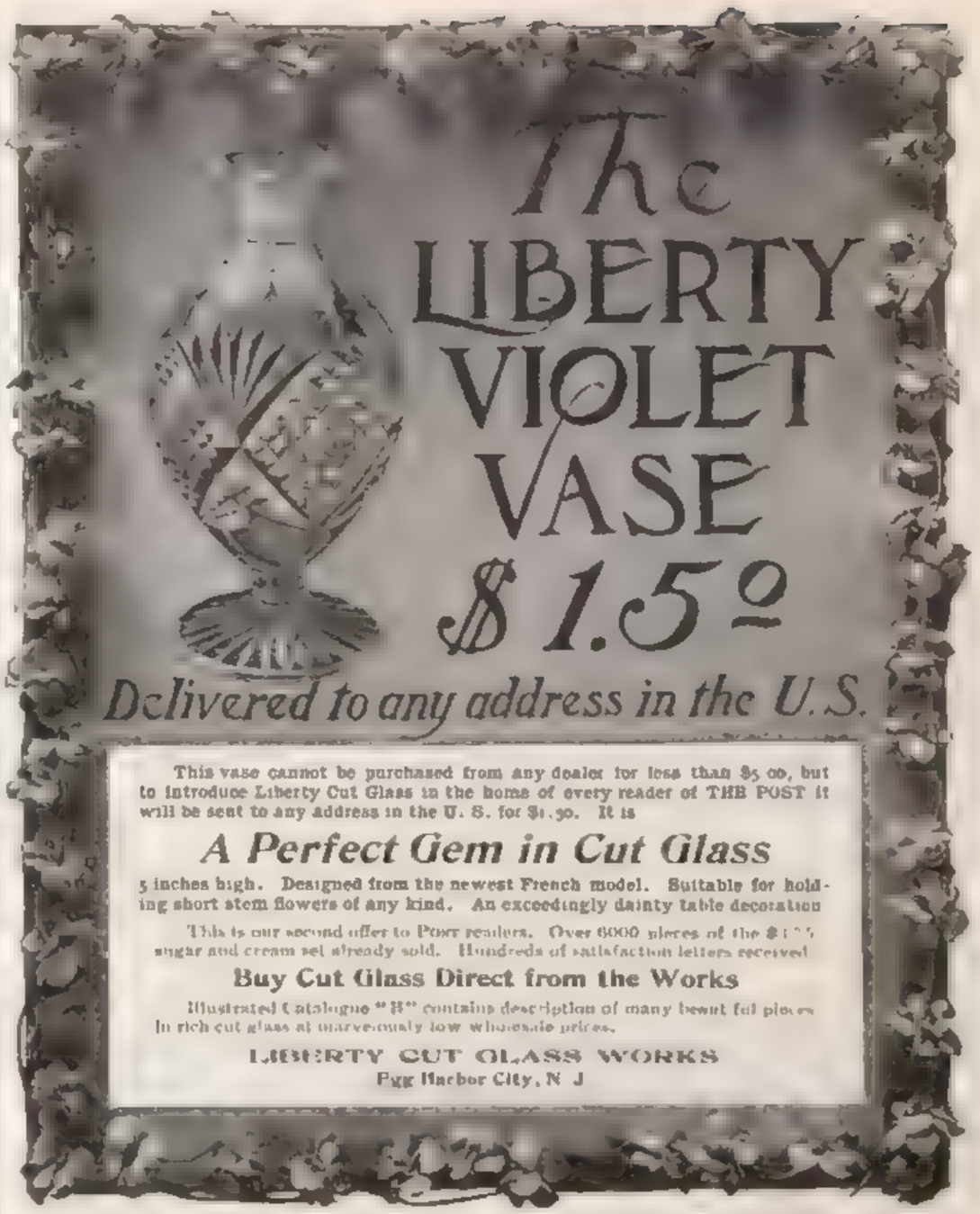
UNHEARD-OF feats in swimming may be witnessed during the coming season.

A Massachusetts man has invented an appliance through the use of which it is hoped that one may half stride, half swim through water at a speed and with a facility hitherto unapproached

The mechanism of the device is simple. Wings constructed of light and durable wood are attached at the ankles to a uminum frames fastened by buckles to the feet of the swimmer

These wings, whose surface is about the area of an ordinary human foot, are hinged. When the swimmer draws his feet forward the resistance of the water pushes the wings rearward, so that only the edge of the wing is opposed to the forward movement of the body. The moment the swimmer kicks out again the wings catch the water and remain at right angles with the ankles.

It is said that these two pairs of swimming wings so supplement the power of propulsion in a swimmer's legs that he can triplicate his speed without any additional exertion.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$1.50
Delivered to any address in the U.S.
This vase cannot be purchased from any dealer for less than $5.00, but to introduce Liberty Cut Glass in the home of every reader of THE POST it will be sent to any address in the U. S. for $1.50. It is
A Perfect Gem in Cut Glass
5 inches high. Designed from the newest French model. Suitable for holding short stem flowers of any kind. An exceedingly dainty table decoration
This is our second offer to Post readers. Over 6000 pieces of the $1.75 sugar and cream set already sold. Hundreds of satisfaction letters received
Buy Cut Glass Direct from the Works
Illustrated Catalogue "B" contains description of many beautiful pieces in rich cut glass at marvelously low wholesale prices.
LIBERTY CUT GLASS WORKS
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We Will Pay
$250.00 in Cash for a New Name
FOR THE
GREAT ROUND WORLD
"The Great Round World" will change its name June 6, 1903. (See current issues.)
All suggestions must be in by May 1, 1903.
No person may send in more than one name.
This is a straight business proposition, to any one who can suggest the best name
No one connected with the staff of the paper will be allowed to compete.
Non-subscribers may compete, but to suggest a name intelligently, some acquaintance with this excellent weekly news-magazine will be required. It will be found on NEWS-STANDS or will be sent EIGHT MONTHS FOR ONE DOLLAR. Regular price $2.00 a year, 5c. a copy. Address
Committee S, GREAT ROUND WORLD, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York

The "Good Luck" Trousers
[illegible] the trend of trousers you ought to wear. Ever scratch your [illegible] tear your coat lining on the buckle strap? Ever felt the trousers hang about your waist like an empty bag? Those are some of the faults done away with in
GOOD LUCK TROUSERS at $3.50 a pair
A tailor would charge you about $5.00 more, a dealer $1.50 more for the same quality of goods, but without the snug and faultless fit obtained by the "Catch-On" device. "Good Luck" trousers fit snug across the hip—can be let out and taken in around the waist in a second—and require neither belt nor braces. Absolutely adjustable. Device invisible. Quick to doff and don. Send $3.50 by draft or money order to [illegible]
THE GOOD LUCK (Schmitz & Ebroder)
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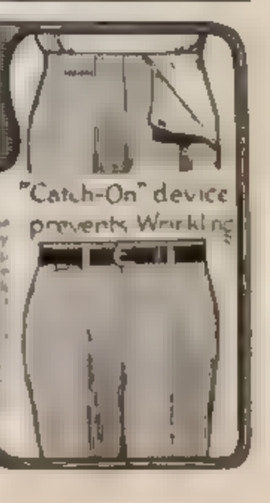

"Catch-On" device prevents Wrinkling

"A breeze from the atmosphere of a real boy's life"
—Washington Post.

The REAL DIARY of a REAL BOY

THE REAL BOY IN MARCH

Mar. 7. *When my father was a boy he was the best filer in this town.*

Mar. 8. *Beany is mad if enny of the fellers go with Lizzie Towle. she likes Beany better than she does enny of the fellers and Beany ought to be satisfied, but sometimes he acks mad when i go down there to fite roosters with Ed. i gess he needent worry much, no feller isnt going to leave of fiting roosters to go with no girls.*

Mar. 10. *plesent day. old Si Smiths big white dog and a bull dog had an awful fite today. neether licked and they had to squert water on them to seperate them. they dident make no noise, only jest hung write on to each others gozzles. my aunt Sarah said it was dredful, and she staid to the window to see how dredful it was.*

Mar. 18. *Father wont let me play marbles in ernest. it aint enny fun dreening a feller and then giving them back. i bet father didnt when he was a boy.*

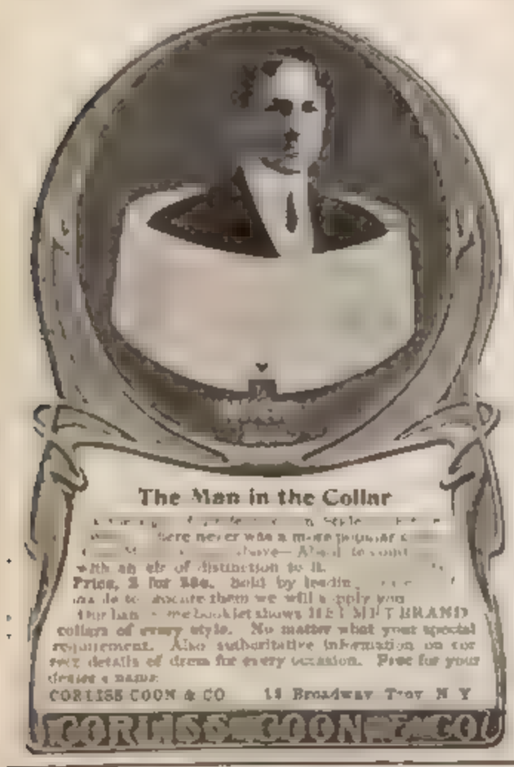
Mar. 25. *almost as warm as summer, went to church and sunday school. Beany has got a job blowing the organ for Kate Wells. he only let the wind go out 2 times today.*

Mar. 29, 186- *The toads has come out. fine warm day. me and Potter Gorham have been ketching toads this afternoon. they sit in the puddles and peep. folks think it is frogs but most of it is toads. Potter got 23 and i got 18.*

"Read it at once especially if you were ever a boy. have had boys, or had much to do with boys. You will h[illegible] and will thank us for the advice. *Dorchester Beacon.*

Ask for it at your dealer's. Or send $1 for a copy, sent postpaid by the publishers.

THE EVERETT PRESS CO. Boston, Mass.



The Man in the Collar

[illegible] there never was a more popular [illegible] have—Always to count with an air of distinction to it.
Price, 2 for 25c. Sold by leading [illegible] to acquaint them we will supply you for [illegible] the booklet shows HER MET BRAND collars of every style. No matter what your special requirement. Also authoritative information on correct details of dress for every occasion. Free for your dealer's name.
CORLISS COON & CO 14 Broadway Troy N Y

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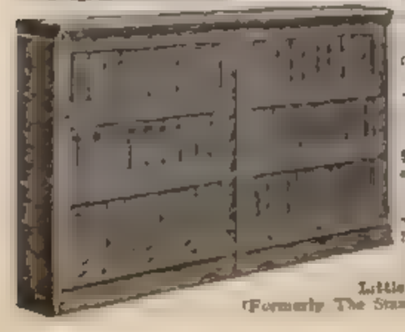
The "Lundstrom" Sectional Bookcase



[illegible] sold [illegible] Golden Oak [illegible] $1.75, $1.00 [illegible] approval, freight [illegible] paid, direct [illegible] factory [illegible] send for Catalog No. 25.
The O. J. Lundstrom Co.
Little Falls, N.Y.
(Formerly The Standard Mfg. Co.)

Two Children's Essays

With an Introduction By Madaline Snow

I HAVE always been an enthusiastic collector of essays, and the more absurd ill-spelt and imaginative they are the better I am pleased

Unusual opportunities were afforded me in the indulgence of this hobby by the unexpected call to take the temporary post of a sick friend who has the sole charge of a small, rural school, situated—but never mind where. I'm sure the public will share my conviction, after perusing the following compositions, that the nursery of such talent as herein evinced is not long destined to go unheard of.

The theme, Birds and Beasts Contrasted, was suggested by myself after a course of reading pertaining to the subject, and was truly a revelation to me of the wonderful amount of knowledge that can be stored away in the cranium of one small boy

That they are genuine is self evident from the inequality of style, original spelling and fine disregard of punctuation; and I now present them exactly as they came into my hands, altering or omitting nothing except the names Indeed, it is unnecessary to invent the schoolboy—he is there!

Birds and Beasts Contrasted

I

Both Birds and Beasts are very useful and very intelligent. They can be trained and in many instances they are trained.

The Horse for instance can be trained to take the bit and to back at the word spoken Compare this with the Hen, which when its Master says chuck! chuck! chuck! It comes running as fast as it can aided by its wings. Also useful for laying particularly if it is a good regular layer so that its Master can have an egg every morning for breakfast They also lead blind and when they are with them if anyone touches the blind, they will go for them and teach them not to touch the poor blind man

Compare this with the dog who has a rough shaggy skin, while the Pigeon on the other hand is like a Woodcock, only different in its colour and egg. Compare this with the Ostrich who is a short neck and a heavy head, so that it often has to rest its head in the sand and then the Hunters cannot see it.

Compare this with the Lion, a sly and courageous beast with a long tail and a tuft of hair at the extreme point. When it cannot find any Giraffes or Kamels or other things to eat it goes to the camp and prowls round round and gives one of its awful roars. When the Inhabitant comes out to see what is the matter with it, the sly treacherous Beast makes a spring and an end of it. It will stand behind a tree till a Giraffe or Kamel comes along and then steps out and fight till one or other makes an end of one or other.

Compare this with the Eagle a sly and treacherous beast, which has a nest stuck up very high on a cliff. It often carries off poor innocent children to its eary. They try to get the poor innocent child by means of men and ladders and ropes and things but in vain always, as the nest proves practically the death-chamber of the poor innocent child. The Mother takes on dredful until she is comforted sometimes by her husband, sometimes by the other men who have helped to rescue the poor innocent child.

HARRY F. (Aged 11.)

II

Birds and Beasts have many differences and are made for the use of man which after all is

A DRY SPOT TO STAND ON AFTER YOUR BATH

THE NERVES OF YOUR FEET
will appreciate the difference between a cold, wet floor and the velvety surface of a warm, dry

Armstrong Cork Bath Mat

Size, 32 x 18 inches Price, $2.50
Delivered free in United States.
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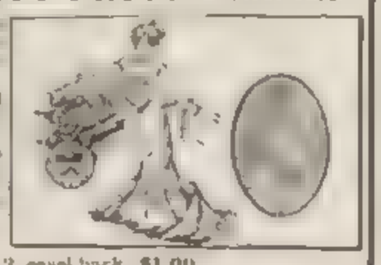

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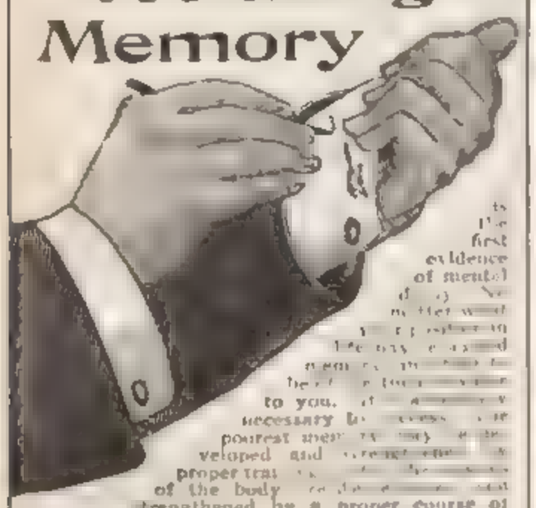

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sed and done if it was not for the Hunter we would be in a bad way. Beasts are covered with fur and hair and have legs like mortals while Birds have only feathers and wings, though some are web-footed but these cannot fly as high as the others and are called Fouls also sometimes poultry & Game as they are easier cought than those which live in trees. There are also Birds of Prey which are not so much use to man such as the Turkey, Peacock, Ostrich and Eagle which latter often stands for the United States.

Birds hatch their young in eggs while Animals breed, compare for instance the Cat and the Hen. All Animals that are the most useful to man are called Domestic such as the Horse, Cow, Dog, Hen, Cat, Duck, and Chickens and many others.

Animals are more easy to tame than birds and have more gratful natures, a dog will often save your life and a cat purr when you pet it while a Bird will never come near you unless it is caged. Of these the Lion is King and not so easy to be tamed. Another fearce Animal of which the Hunter stands in dred is the Tiger of which the puma is a specimen but if there were more men in the Country like Our President the Country would soon be rid of these wild and trechorous Creatures.

Of all the Animals the Ape or Monkey as it is also called is the most human and it has now been discovered by a man called Darwin that it at one time descended from man but some people doubt this and it is therefore called the Darwinian Theory.

Doves and Lambs are more alike in temperment both having very gentle natures—it was a Dove what saved the Ark and Our Lord is often seen in Pictures with one of these gentle Creatures in his arms and another on his Head. LEOPOLD W. (Aged 10.)

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WHILE John Hays Hammond, the eminent mining engineer who has been identified with much of the development of the Transvaal, was addressing the American Society for the Advancement of Science, comment was made on his youthful appearance.

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"His record is typical of American alertness. His entrance into the busy gold-fields of Johannesburg was marked by a characteristic incident.

"As is well known, the remarkable character and extent of the gold-diggings in the South African Republic attracted thither many men of high standing. On the steamer from Southampton to Cape Town Mr. Hammond's fellow-passengers included many titled Britishers, all bound for the same destination, the Rand.

"Upon arrival there Mr. Hammond found himself waiting his turn in a noble line to sign his plain, democratic name to the hotel register.

"In front of him were a Knight Commander of the Honorable Order of the Bath, a Knight of the Exalted Order of the Star of India, two members of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, two barons and one duke. The letters necessary to distinguish these great personages were imposing, and in one case consumed three lines of the hotel register.

"With much interest Mr. Hammond watched the registration of nobility. He realized that though ability would count in the long run, the possession of a commanding title would give the possessor a considerable start over his untitled rivals.

"When Mr. Hammond's turn came to write his name, he registered:

'John Hays Hammond, A. R. A.'

"His companion was greatly interested and at the first opportunity asked:

"'John, what made you sign "A. R. A." after your name?'

"'Well, you see, one needs a title in this country.'

"'But what do those letters stand for?'

"'All-Round Athlete,' replied the mining engineer.

"Within three months from that time Mr. Hammond's genius had landed him in the position of Consulting Engineer and General Manager for the Consolidated Gold-Fields and serving under the directions of this resourceful American were half a dozen lords and other gentlemen of illustrious pedigree."

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In a recent issue of Chic, one of the big illustrated weeklies for which London is famous, a writer on scientific foods says: "There was never coined a more delusive phrase than 'Bread the staff of life,' because bread is almost the worst of all foods unless the eater knows all about its properties. It is poison to the man in a hurry."

Here follows a long argument:

"'Why not,' asked the dietic experts, do for the bread and other cereal foods what the mastication does so that those whose digestions are enfeebled may be fully nourished—that is, derive every grain of nutriment possible from the food and avoid the discomforts of indigestion, the pains after eating, flatulence, acidity, heartburn and the hosts of evils indicating faulty digestion? Why not prepare a food so perfectly that if it be eaten in a hurry, or bolted, it will be as readily digested as if chewed for minutes?'

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"This food discovery comes from America but widespread recognition of its valuable properties is, to my thinking, much hampered by a name which is meaningless, even to the chemist or dietist. I must confess to not understanding the meaning of 'Grape-Nuts' when I first saw it, but an examination of this food discovery reveals it as one of the most important dietetic advances ever made."

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

LITERARY LOG-ROLLING — A nimble and thrifty art of long descent that continues to meet with contemporary success.

¶ Some one ought to write an essay on the never-dying art of the literary log-roller. It is a most ingenious and insistent art, perennial and paying in all the ages, and we have no doubt was nimbly practiced by the hewers of cuneiform inscriptions. We humbly suggest it to our contemporary satirists. Just now it mainly takes the form of commendatory letters to the author from his fellow-craftsmen, and from him extracted, with great sacrifice to his modesty, by the astute publisher to be blazoned on title-pages and in advertisements.

The present controversy called forth by President Roosevelt's letter on "race suicide" indicates what far-reaching results might be obtained by a skillful logman. That letter was written by President Roosevelt to Mrs. John Van Vorst after reading in magazine form, and before its publication in the book, the third chapter of her Woman Who Toils. It was immediately followed by another letter from President Eliot, of Harvard, in which he took to task the graduates for the poor showing they make in matrimony. Both letters were the subject of wide and varying comment. President Eliot had not read President Roosevelt's letter when he published his own. President Roosevelt is too frank-spoken a friend of letters and occupies a position too far removed from the possible benefits of literary log rolling (and log rolling is essentially a policy of reciprocity) for any taint of interest to touch his name: the suggestion is not here made that anything but the most straightforward and characteristic absorption in the subject at hand for the subject's sake actuated the impulse which prompted his letter. Furthermore, the book cannot have too wide publicity or too much discussion; it treats of subjects which in an industrial civilization ought to be publicly discussed by every thinking citizen. None the less, it will be interesting to watch what use the observant publisher will make of the opportunities thus instructively unfolded to his gaze.

THE WOMAN WHO TOILS—A valuable record of the experience of two women who studied the facts at first hand.

¶ Mrs. Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst are two earnest young women who gave up the comforts and leisure to which they somewhat impressively inform you they are accustomed, for the value of a first hand acquaintance with the condition of their working sisters. Indeed, the solemnity with which Mrs. Van Vorst alludes to the "Parisian clothes I am accustomed to wear," and Miss Marie Van Vorst's itemized account of "the clothes I laid aside on December, 1901," inventoried at $447, spoils a little the first flush of sympathy. But it is the only touch of snobbery in the book. The experience was genuine and the record is valuable.

Mrs. Van Vorst made pickles in Pittsburg, shirts in a country mill town of Northern New York and clothes in Chicago. Miss Van Vorst, who shared her determination and divides the honors of the resultant book, made shoes in two of the Lynn shoe shops and cloth in two of the Southern cotton mills. Both shared the life and dress of their sisters and were by them accepted without reserve or suspicion. Both proposed to themselves certain definite questions which in Miss Van Vorst's case are answered by a direct narrative of conditions observed and emotions experienced, to which with Mrs. Van Vorst is added an element of argument and analysis. What brought girls to the factory and the mill? What was their life outside? Where did they spend their money and their leisure? How can they be helped? Do they need help, or is their condition ideal?

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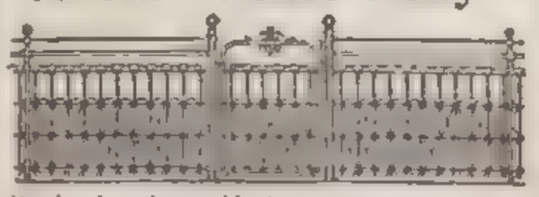

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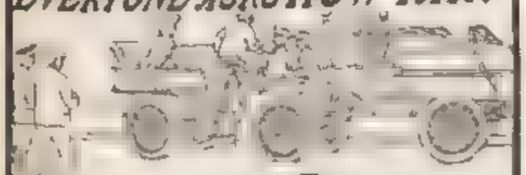

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valuable, but they are perhaps the more thoughtful, and certainly the more quotable. Therefore the following passages, necessarily much compressed, are drawn from her chapters. They suggest much better than would a long exposition the nature of the problem and the admirable quality of thought that confronted it

For example, Mrs. Van Vorst notices immediately the quality of the voices about her "I can hear the sharp nasal voices of the forewoman and the girls shouting questions and answers. . . . My factory companions draw their vocal inspiration from the bedlam of civilization, the rasping and pounding of machinery, the din which they must outdin to be heard."

Experience makes clear to her the magnetism of the factory. "Two days of leisure without sources of amusement make clear to me how the sociability of factory life, the freedom from personal demands, the escape from self, can prove a distraction to those who have no mental occupation, no money to spend on diversion. It is easier to submit to factory government which commands five hundred girls with one law valid for all, than to undergo the arbitrary discipline of parental authority." Says one girl: "'I don't have to work, only if I didn't I couldn't have the clothes I do.'" The same passion for self-ornament is everywhere. Not love of home nor love of man is so strong. "'I'm not working to save,'" was the claim of one girl for all; "'I'm working for pleasure.'" It is a selfishness which defers marriage and cuts all social and family ties. "'I don't have to work; my father gives me all the money I need, but not all I *want*. I like to be independent, and spend my money as I please.'

It means a youth without the peace of protection; an old age without the harvest of consolation." And it cuts down the wages of the girl who *does* have to work for a living. It is non-professional competition

Of a piece with her attitude toward her parents is the mill hand's attitude toward marriage. She "trifles with love," she is "fanciful, sentimental, cold, passionless." Lady Jeune it will be remembered, attributed much of the success of American independence for American women to the safeguard of this cold selfishness

Other shrewd observations are plentiful. "There is a stimulus unsuspected in working together to get a job done. Before this" (before going on piece-work) "I had to work to make the time pass." Men she finds the easier masters. "The woman—is always annoying. She bothers and nags; things must be done her way; she enjoys the legitimate minding of other people's business Aiming at results only, the masculine mind is more tranquil. Provided you get your work done, the man boss doesn't care what method you take in doing it For the woman boss, whether you get your work done or not, you must do it her way."

Miss Van Vorst's description of what she saw in the Southern cotton mills cannot here be quoted. None the less it should be read And of the whole book it may be said: no one can help being interested and only an obstinate man can help being benefited

A REMINISCENCE OF STEPHEN CRANE

—A single sentence illustrative of the original picturesque working of his mind.

¶ Mr Gosse, we believe it was, gave the first rule for ballad writers: first find your refrain; and Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich once explained in All Sorts of a Paper that he always works through a short story to the end, puts the closing paragraph on paper, and not till then does he write the first word What was Stephen Crane's method the friend who tells this story does not vouchsafe. Often a single sentence will be the core of a long circle of thought, which at the last moment, and in the fitting spot, will finally throw back to its starting place. Perhaps something of this sort was going on in Stephen Crane's head. He sat at the window, a tall block of coarse yellow scratch paper on his knee, his pencil-point stopped short on the line of the last word written

The sentence stood large and ungainly on the page:

"He walked as though he were stirring lemonade with himself."

Apparently nothing came of that most delectable inspiration, for it is not to be found in the pages of his work

Your choice of these Booklets will be sent you, complimentary

"Something for nothing" is a proposition which usually invites suspicion, and justly, too We have something we want to send you for nothing, but we propose to be perfectly frank with you, and tell you just how and where we expect to receive an adequate return for our expenditure. We have the happy fortune to be the publishers of the late Speaker Reed's unique library of

Modern Eloquence

And we know that if you were to read any one of the 500 brilliant After-Dinner Speeches, Lectures and Addresses found in this library of the World's best spoken thought, you would surely be enthusiastic in your appreciation, and would probably never be quite satisfied until you had placed the complete work in your library. This, then, is the plain reason why we are going to mail you, upon receipt of 6 cents in stamps to cover postage, your choice of the booklets described below. All we ask is that you read the first page and we know you will read the rest. In these Booklets, as in MODERN ELOQUENCE itself, each speech is given in full, just as it was delivered. Please indicate your choice of Booklets on the printed form below and mail to us.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS
BY RUSSELL HERRMAN CONWELL

[illegible] her [illegible] take off her [illegible] hole She twisted and tugged [illegible] broke it out of the [illegible]

"I wonder why they don't make decent [illegible] and to her [illegible] ght, why don't you get up a collar [illegible] Did he not [illegible]

Booklet Number 340

[illegible] invented this at [illegible] er the seat [illegible] and take her husband with her and if he were dead she would have enough [illegible] eft to buy a foreign Count or Duke or [illegible] Loud laughter and applause

WIT AND HUMOR
BY EDWIN PERCY WHIPPLE

Wit marries ideas, lying wide apart, by a sudden jerk of the understanding Wit as [illegible] Wit has [illegible] [illegible] flowers and fruits of your [illegible] is slow and shy, inanimating its fun into your heart Wit is negative, analytical, destructive, humor is creative, [illegible] all embracing as the sunshine, [illegible] and abiding light, [illegible] that a Negro is "the image of the [illegible] Demosthenes. Horace Smith is interested [illegible] taskmaster is "the image of the devil"

Booklet Number 341

POPE LEO XIII
BY FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

Joachim Pecci [illegible] the title of Leo XIII [illegible] 1810 [illegible] He was born [illegible] tower called [illegible] Carpineto, situated thirty [illegible] s to the south of [illegible] has carried [illegible] wear medals [illegible] the profound [illegible] aquiline nose [illegible] his mother he has the piercing black eyes that seem to hold you as you get [illegible] always set [illegible] gentle One of the most remarkable characteristics [illegible] which [illegible] [illegible] bers of the family When the [illegible] comes toward you in one of those shadowy corridors of the Vatican, or in the dimmer church below, a real radiance seems to proceed from his face It is absolutely colorless, but yet it is luminously pale It [illegible] carved out of alabaster, [illegible]

Booklet Number 344

THE SCATTERED NATION
BY ZEBULON BAIRD VANCE

The Jew is beyond [illegible] the most remarkable man of this world, past [illegible] present [illegible] Though dead as a [illegible] as we speak of Nations—they yet live Their [illegible] fill the world and move the wheels of [illegible] rich as the sun when he stands behind the [illegible] acceptance of the everlasting establishment of Jewish ideas. We affect [illegible] our best accent and admire [illegible] taught us [illegible] d of the [illegible] in the great government Mind that [illegible] [illegible] rules the whole frame of [illegible] eternal, infinite, [illegible] either capable of change nor subject to decay The Jewish people [illegible] church and institutions still left standing, though the stones of the temple [illegible] must no longer one upon the other, though its sacrificial fires are forever extinguished, and though the Tribes who sang joy it was, wander with weary feet throughout the earth A few remarks upon their numbers, present status in the world, their probable destiny, and my task will be done

Booklet Number 343

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE
BY GARRETT PUTNAM SERVISS

And thus [illegible] must stand as a true representation of the Napoleonic era, for these are the thoughts and these the scenes which his name conjures Let not the bitterest enemy of Napoleon deny to him the fame and fame of the greatest warrior that ever [illegible] world has ever [illegible] er than Hannibal [illegible] that he belongs to [illegible] lack as that which [illegible] dawn We may well [illegible] will never [illegible] her best in that [illegible] and now she comes to nurse things Let the century that knew him wrap the tattered flags of war about it and lie down to dreams of slaughter, but let us [illegible] ward across that new century, whose sunrise now bright [illegible] ds of coming time, believing that it will not [illegible] the ten thousand years, ah! the endless era of peace universal (Applause)

Booklet Number 342

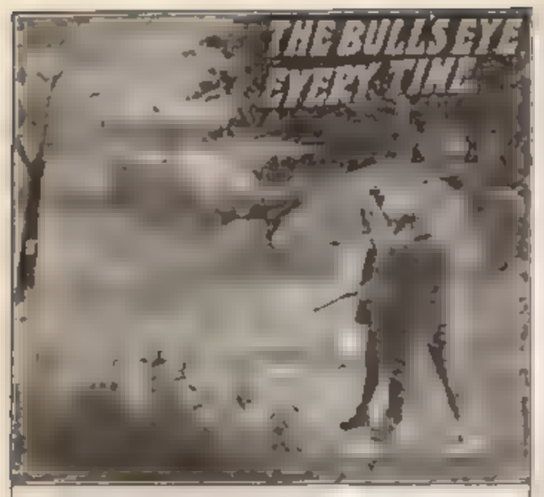
John D. Morris & Company
Publishers, Philadelphia

Cut off this corner and mail to us, indicating your choice of Booklets. The one chosen will be forwarded promptly

CUT OUT THIS CORNER

To John D. Morris & Company
1901 Chestnut St
Philadelphia

Dear Sirs: [illegible] Enclosed [illegible] in stamps [illegible] shall be pleased to receive [illegible] coming to [illegible] THE SATURDAY EVENING POST [illegible] Booklet No. [illegible]



Every healthy, vigorous Young American wants a gun. It tends to make him independent, courageous and manly. Get him a DAISY or SENTINEL Air Rifle and he can have all the fun without the danger that usually goes with a gun.

You have a choice between the two, as either style represents the best skilled labor and accurate machinery can produce.

Our rifles have walnut stocks, nickel-plated steel barrels, improved sights and interchangeable parts.

If your dealer will not sell you a DAISY or SENTINEL, send us his name and we will send you any style from factory, charges prepaid, upon receipt of price.

No. 1—Daisy Repeater, shoots BB shot 48 times ... $1.00
No. ... enters Daisy, shoots either shot ... parts ...
No. ... Sentinel ... [illegible]

Darts, assorted colors, per ... prepaid ... 25 cts.

Daisy Button and Illustrated Booklet free.

THE DAISY MFG. CO. Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY (with top $33.50)

superior quality, style and durability. Our entire output of two enormous factories [illegible]

PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages, Harness, Saddles—everything we sell and ship on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS

Write immediately for our catalogue and special inducement. It will interest you.

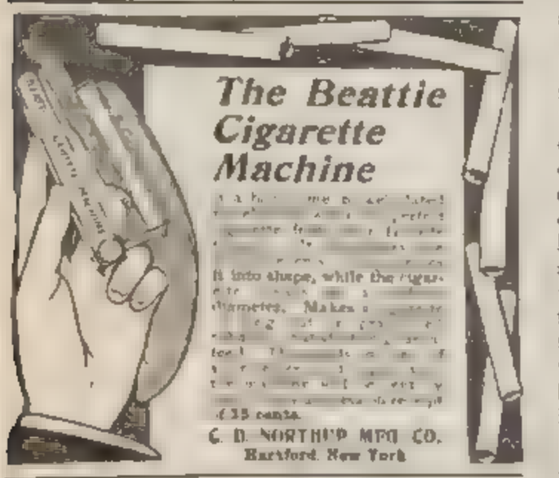
MON BUGGY CO., 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

UNEQUALED IN TONE

WEBER PIANOS

The progress of 50 years. Our beautiful "Jubilee Book" tells the story—mailed free ON REQUEST.

THE WEBER PIANO CO., 108 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City



The Beattie Cigarette Machine

[illegible] it into shape, while the cigarette [illegible] diameter. Makes a [illegible] feet [illegible] the world [illegible]

$35 cents.

C. D. NORTHUP MFG. CO.
Hartford, New York

WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE

Fruit Nutrition in Fluid Form

The best grapes, the best methods, and more care than others think necessary, make Welch's the best grape juice.

A small glassful two or three times daily will put new life into the run down system. Welch's Grape Juice is a natural tonic. It makes health—keeps health.

Sold by druggists and grocers. Ask for Welch's. Trial bottle by mail, 10c. Booklet with recipes free.

WELCH GRAPE JUICE CO
Westfield, N. Y.

A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

IT HAS always seemed to me that the character of a town bears a strong resemblance to the character of an individual, which may be readily gauged by what it laughs at. If it takes only a straw to tickle the individual, likewise it takes only a straw, sometimes, to set a town all-of-a-smile. The particular straw that is tickling the oldest inhabitants, the cave-dwellers, and the non-official residents of Washington just now is the little word that is passing around among the rich men and women who have newly come here from Gotham, to the effect that this is the first time in the history of the country that things have been properly conducted, socially, at the Capital of the Nation. That with a New York man in the White House, a New York man in the Cabinet, a rich, fashionable contingent from New York in both Houses of Congress, a New York woman as wife of the Ambassador from Great Britain, and last but not least, a New York caterer, late of Sherry's, Washington society, after long years of wandering in the wilderness, has at last acquired that indefinable something, that *cachet* of greatness, which has brought it, like the Children of Israel, to the borderland of Canaan.

The assumption of Gotham's discovery of the Capital of the Nation and its work of putting it upon the proper social footing has been the theme on many tongues of late, and at one of the exclusive cave-dwellers' receptions recently, where were gathered the elect among the old Washingtonians and the elect among the officials, I found the whole reception fairly chortling over it.

"Why, bless my soul!" said old General C——, with his Order of the Cincinnati in his coat, "these newcomers remind me of the fly that Æsop tells about that rode around on the chariot wheel and cried out to the bystanders: 'What a dust do I raise.'"

"Yes," said Miss Clemmie, who made it a point never to go to any houses save those of old Washingtonians of note, "the pretentiousness of these newcomers always reminds me of a mansard roof on a house. It is always sure to be the emptiest part of the structure. In my young days, when I used to stay so much at the White House with Harriet Lane, Mr. Buchanan often warned us not to be too much carried away by the exalted attention we received. He used to say that pretentiousness and vainglory were to be tolerated only in a nation and never in the individual.

"But," said I, remembering that I was a rich newcomer, albeit from Spruce City, "this invasion of Washington by rich people must of necessity bring new standards and customs. It is scientifically demonstrated that one pebble will affect the entire ocean, and when you come to drop in a whole sack full of glittering nuggets, why——"

"Oh, yes," said General C——, "I am fully aware that the day has gone by in Washington when a man if he possesses a case of Apollinaris is justified in giving a blow-out, but this much-talked-of influence of rich outsiders is overrated, just as is all this talk of the influence of the six American women here in the diplomatic corps. The greatest amount of confidence has been expressed in the influence these American wives of the foreign diplomats would exert use in behalf of their native land. Why, take the gracious wife of the British Ambassador, Lady Herbert herself; who would dream that she was born in New York? She is delightful, but she is no longer of New York. She is no longer American. She is English to the backbone. And Madame Jusserand, the French Ambassador's wife; she is an American, but she never saw her native land till this winter, and she speaks her English with all the pretty manner and accent of the French-born woman. Baroness von Sternberg, of the German Embassy, and Baroness Moncheur, the Belgian Minister's wife, have kept some small part, so far, of their American ideas and manners, just as they are keeping their American beauty; but it is only a question of time when they will merge their identities in those of their adopted countries. Madame Lopez, the wife of the Minister from Salvador, is a San Francisco girl, but she is now a South American, all right. As for Madame Yung Kwai, wife of the Secretary of the Chinese Legation, she was a Springfield girl, and

HIGH ART INSURED CLOTHING

TRADE MARK

High Art Insured Clothing

is ready-to-slip-on custom tailoring with all the grace and dash—the perfection of fit and finish, peculiar to made-to-measure togs. The hidden parts are as conscientiously wrought as the surface! It is distinctive in such excellencies as

Snug setting collars,
Firm flat lapels,
Unbreakable fronts,
Non-sagging pockets

High Art Insurance

(issued in the form of individual policies direct to the purchaser) is a warranty of entire satisfaction. It pledges the replacing of unsatisfactory garments by the makers.

STROUSE & BROS.,
Lombard and Paca Streets,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Our New Prince Henry Spring Sack!

(herewith pictured) is an exclusive spring style for swagger chaps. Three button coat, blunt at the ends, with slash pockets and tight back flaring out at bottom. The pantaloons are big and loose, grading in a distinct "peg" from 21 at knee to 16 inches at shoe. In plain or fancy cloths—sold at retail, upward from

$12

Our Spring Style Book

shows other striking creations and contains much interesting and useful information. Sent free for your clothier's name. If he does not sell High Art Insured Clothing, tell us who he is.

STROUSE & BROS.,
Department M,
BALTIMORE, MD.

If you want most for your money insist on

PRESIDENT

being stamped in the buckle when you buy

SUSPENDERS

Fifty cents and a dollar
Ask at favorite shop
or post prepaid from

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. COMPANY
Box 231 J, Shirley, Mass.
Send 6 cents for catalogue.

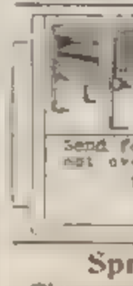
Don't Drive Terrible Tacks!

QUAKER (Patented) CARPET FASTENERS

Made in one piece of spring steel wire. Clinches heaviest carpet to floor like a vice, yet removed [illegible]. Fasteners last a lifetime. An ingenious invention that makes child's play of carpet laying and lifting.

Write for our booklet, FREE

QUAKER CARPET FASTENER CO
19 South 9th St., Richmond, Ind.



The PRAIRIE STATES [illegible] AT THE HEAD. More made—more sold—more prizes won than ALL OTHERS combined.

Send for catalogue—just out—finest ever [illegible]

PRAIRIE STATE INCUBATOR CO.
HOMER CITY, Pa., U.S.A.

Spring Trip to California

Three tours under Pennsylvania Railroad auspices at greatly reduced rates leave New York and Philadelphia May 12 and 13. Attractive itineraries, including Colorado and California resorts, the Yellowstone Park and Grand Canyon of Arizona. Rates on application to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

Pacific Coast Tours

Via Pennsylvania Railroad account Presbyterian General Assembly. May 12 and 13. Visiting [illegible] and California resorts, the Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Greatly reduced rates. For itinerary and details apply to GEO. W. BOYD, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Philadelphia.

If You Have Taste

or talent for drawing you may become famous like the originator of this character. The HOME SYSTEM OF TEACHING BY MAIL prepares you quickly for a paying position as Cartoonist, Newspaper Artist, Illustrator, etc. Original school in this line. Special offer to those who write now. Resident Schools Established 1850.

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, (Inc.)
E. J. Heeb, Pres., 30 N. Pa. St., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

"OIMA" Durable and Safe

Liquid Pistol

Made of Steel, Nickel Plated

5 inches long

[illegible] most vicious dog (or man) without [illegible]ury. Valuable to bicyclists, unexcort[illegible]ists, cashiers, homes, etc.

Loads from any liquid. No cartridges required. Over 30 shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c.

PARKER STEARNS & SUTTON, 321 South St., New York

HER FIRST RUN

ART PHOTOGRAPH

[illegible] 9 x 7¾ inches

DUDLEY WALKER
508 Monadnock Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Have You Any Spare Time?

[illegible] leisure for

The Saturday Evening Post
and
The Ladies' Home Journal

The pay is first rate. Every bit of work done is paid for. [illegible] interested, send a line of request to THE POST Bureau, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER

For Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts will protect the feet from being chafed or blistered by new or heavy shoes.

Applied with a brush and immediately dries, forming a tough, transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS, Etc.

are all liable to bruise, scratch, or scrape their skin. "New-Skin" will relieve these injuries, will not wash off, and after it is applied the injury is forgotten, as "New-Skin" makes a temporary new skin until the broken skin is healed under it.

EACH.

Pocket Size (Size of illustration) . . . 10c
Family Size . . . 25c
2-oz. Bottles (for Surgeons and Hospitals) 50c

At the Druggists, or we will mail a package anywhere in the United States on receipt of price.

DOUGLAS MFG. CO., Dept. R, 107 Fulton Street, New York

THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

St. Paul-Minneapolis

Four daily trains on fast schedules via the shortest line between Chicago and the Twin Cities. Unexcelled service. The

North-Western Limited

is an up-to-date, electric-lighted train. Its service affords

The Best of Everything

All agents sell tickets via

Chicago & North-Western Ry.

W. B. KNISKERN,
Passenger Traffic Manager,
Chicago.

ST. AGNES SCHOOL

ALBANY, N. Y.

THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR

MISS SEABURY, Head of the School
BISHOP DOANE, President of Trustees

Situation high, central, healthful, large building remodelled. Single bed-rooms. New chemical laboratories. Preparation for college (by preference for Radcliffe or Bryn Mawr). Diploma given for regular course. Regular exercise under careful supervision required. Skating and other sports in season.

A Flying Machine at Last

Scientific kite-flying within the reach of all. A marvel of simplicity. Any boy or girl can fly it. Tandems delight both young and old.

Special Introductory Size by mail, 10c, 3 for 25c

Agents wanted everywhere.

Zimmerman Flying Machine Co.
14 Wood St., Fremont, Ohio

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.00

Sizes and Prices	
9 by 6 ft.	$3.00
9 by 7½ ft.	3.50
9 by 9 ft.	4.00
9 by 10½ ft.	4.50
9 by 12 ft.	5.00

Beautiful and attractive patterns, woven through and through, which mean both tables alike. All colors, and more serviceable than more costly carpets. Sent by express prepaid east of the Rocky Mountains.

Your money back if you want it. Catalogue free for the asking.
Oriental Importing Co., 8910, Bourse Building, Philadelphia

you'd know in a minute that she was born in New England. There's no trace of the Oriental about her. But of this whole bunch of American women there's not one," wound up General C—— with emphasis, "who would not throw her influence in any diplomatic question with the country of her adoption, and against her native land!"

"Then the Kaiser and the Czar need not have had any worry about these American marriages among their representatives? You know the Czar made a great rumpus the other day," said I, "about the recent marriage of one of the Secretaries of the Russian Embassy to the young Washington girl, over which the smart set was so agog."

"Neither the Kaiser nor the Czar need worry. Our girls when they marry foreigners become more foreign than their husbands," said General C—— with asperity.

"This fever for diplomats," said Senator Blank, taking up the conversation, "is catching here in Washington. I don't mean to have any of my girls marrying these foreign chaps. I have had that famous motto of Daniel Webster set in the tiles over the mantel in my library, and I make my boys and girls read it over every day. It says: 'I was born an American, I will live an American, I will die an American.'"

Every one smiled at this. It is a well-understood thing in Washington that there is an undying antagonism between Senators and the diplomatic corps, each regarding the other as an arch enemy. Then Senator Blank, who is one of the most uncompromising of patriots, went on:

"How well Dubois read Washington's farewell address in the Senate on the twenty-second. I was sorry the chamber was not filled. I always make it a point to be in my seat when it is read."

"But Washington," said I, "never paid any attention, himself, to his birthday. In 1790 when he was trying to settle upon a residence in Philadelphia he spent the whole month of February in moving. One entry in his diary reads: 'Moved the large mahogany sideboard into our new domicile to-day.' And his diary for the twenty-second reads: 'Set seriously about removing my furniture to my new house. Two of the gentlemen of the family had their beds taken there, and would sleep there to-night.'"

"And Abraham Lincoln," said Robert, "spent his birthday in 1861 in making his pathetic farewell address to his townspeople in Springfield, before coming to Washington. You remember that farewell address and how almost ominous its portent was?"

"Was its portent any more ominous," asked Senator P——, who had just joined us, "than this little effusion which was picked up to-day on the Senate floor not far from a certain Senator's desk over in Cherokee Strip? It was found just after the sudden collapse of the Statehood bill." And the Senator chuckled as he handed out a little verse which ran:

"'A prominent statesman, named Quay,
Had a great predecessor named Clay,
Whose Omnibus bill
Was as much of a pill
As the one that has just blocked the way.'"

This created a good deal of fun, particularly among those of us who were afraid of the bogie extra session.

"Why, I did not know," said Miss Clemmie, "that Henry Clay ever had an Omnibus bill in Congress."

"Oh, yes," said Senator P——, "you haven't forgotten the famous compromise of 1850? Henry Clay gathered the different things belonging to his compromise into a bill known as the Omnibus bill. It was fairly loaded down with amendments, and, as Morse puts it, 'When the Omnibus bill reached the end of its journey it contained only one passenger—a territorial government for Utah.' I'm going to tell Quay to-morrow that we know now who 'struck Billy Patterson.'"

"It's astonishing," said General C——, "to see Senators doing the Dick Turpin act, and holding up legislation like highwaymen. Now, there's Morgan——"

Both Senator P—— and Senator Blank took this up before General C—— could even finish his sentence.

"Oh, John Tyler Morgan is no highwayman, and don't you forget it. He knows this canal business as no other man living does. He is making the point that the Treaty does not leave the United States untrammeled. There are loopholes in it that will let out the Colombians and make Uncle Sam fork out, and go on forking out——"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and I know for certain that Senator Morgan is not antagonistic to the Panama route. Last spring, on

By GEORGE H. POWELL

America's Leading Expert

IT IS a remarkable fact that the business of advertising writing is rapidly absorbing the attention of thousands of business men throughout the entire country, and as never before.

And they are not viewing the possibilities of advertising from standards of a few years back, either. While advertising is now known to be the mightiest lever of advanced commercialism, yet merchants and manufacturers have also learned from bitter experience that the best results are only attainable when the advertising work is placed in skilful hands.

The day of "anything that attracts" is rapidly passing, and in its stead a new era is dawning. All the discoveries leading to a more perfect knowledge of advertising possibilities are cherished, because every effective plan, kink or original scheme has a value that is expressed in dollars and cents—and to Americans this is everything.

The trained writer of advertising, therefore, is filling the place formerly occupied by the untrained clerk, or proprietor, mayhap, who formerly prided himself on his "ability" to do an hour's turn at advertisement construction "on the side."

Not that these naturally bright workers were totally ignorant, but that their observation lines were too narrow, and their opportunities too few to gain more than the most limited amount of skill.

The young man or woman who is thinking of entering the advertising writing field will scarcely be able to wonder that $25 or $50 a week is considered small pay for ad. work, when they realize that to properly attend to the new volume of advertising being done each year more skilled graduates are required than are enrolled as students.

Presuming that every $50,000 spent annually for advertising gives employment to an ad. writer, the next thing to calculate is how many writers will be needed to take care of say $100,000,000 yearly? Only the *increase*, too.

Then when we come to a realization of the fact that about $700,000,000 is being annually expended in the advertising columns of some 25,000 American periodicals, a little more simple arithmetic will give some idea as to why the business of ad. writing holds out such rare inducements.

In answer to numerous inquiries from POST readers I am going to say something about the advisability of the ambitious man or woman taking up the study of advertising.

Can anybody surely succeed? To this query the answer must always be the same—no. A common school education, backed with vim and a true desire to win success, is necessary, and will almost invariably produce a proficient ad. man or woman. The great stumbling block in all lines of business is, and always will be, *lack of stability*. More business men are ruined every year through this fault than by any other, and of course the person who is continually jumping about from one thing to another is almost certain to fail. Success is for the steadfast only.

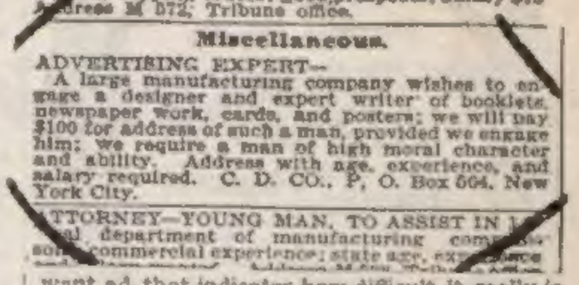
Advertising writing offers marvelous inducements, and the thing for the prospective student to decide is whether he or she is or is not in a business offering meagre advancement. Of course I do not refer to those who are in business where they have an interest, and only wish to acquire skill for improving the present advertising. I refer to those who are free lances and want to make the most of their natural endowments. Clerking, stenography, traveling and the hundred-and-one vocations which we are prone to call "a dog's life," are, of course, far inferior to advertising writing, either from the comparative ease with which an income can be earned, or from the viewpoint of size of income.

I have on my desk as I write these lines many letters from well-known advertisers, who have written to have me recommend students of the Powell System who are capable of filling positions as advertising writers at salaries that are princely from ordinary standards, and this demand never ceases. One of the greatest department stores in Washington wishes a manager at once—one who is worth $50 or more to start with, and I have just the man for the place. He went through my course of mail instruction, and for several months past has filled an ad. writer's position at $25 weekly.

He is steadfast, progressive and a worker. He cannot fail, for he has a grand foundation to stand on—my careful instruction plus his own ambition. The agents advertising Regal Shoes are also soliciting my aid.

The largest manufacturing jewelers in St. Louis want my "brightest" graduate, and as I have many "stars" the vacancy will be supplied, and yet those competent ad. writers will not crowd each other, for the demand is too great.

Another request for a bright student comes from one of Boston's oldest department stores, and without dwelling at too great length I will close by showing herewith a reproduction of a



...copying orders; good prospects; salary $10
...ress M 572, Tribune office.

Miscellaneous.

ADVERTISING EXPERT—
A large manufacturing company wishes to engage a designer and expert writer of booklets, newspaper work, cards, and posters; we will pay $100 for address of such a man, provided we engage him; we require a man of high moral character and ability. Address with age, experience, and salary required. C. D. CO., P. O. Box 504, New York City.

ATTORNEY—YOUNG MAN, TO ASSIST IN ...al department of manufacturing com... some commercial experience; state age, ex...

want ad. that indicates how difficult it really is to secure the services of a competent, trained ad. writer. I answered this ad. in a daily paper thinking it a scheme, but was surprised to receive a prompt reply from one of America's best-known advertisers—the largest screen manufacturer of Maine, who had one ad. man and wanted another!

The students' portraits above represent two more who are about to take their places as advertising successes, and what they have to say about the Powell System of advertising instruction is worthy of note. Mr. Hanser resides in Newark, N. J., and Mr. Bottolfson in Winona, Minn.

To all who are interested in earning over $25 a week, as well as to business men who are anxious to save advertising expense while doubling the pulling power of their ads, I shall be pleased to send a copy of my beautiful new Prospectus, the most interesting issued, together with the strongest endorsements. Merely address me George H. Powell, 183 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

All over the civilized world

THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

IS KNOWN and WORN

Every Pair Warranted

"Velvet Grip" The Name is stamped on every loop—

The Velvet Grip

CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg—never Slips, Tears nor Unfastens

ALWAYS EASY

Send 50c. for Silk, 25c. for Cotton, Sample Pair.

Geo. Frost Co., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

THREE PEAS FROM *the* SAME POD

These three men secured positions as window trimmers for John Wanamaker at the completion of their courses at this, the only school of its kind in the world.

Our graduates are **sought for** by the largest merchants in America.

Don't go to seed in a narrow pod. Get where you can grow. Three of the least crowded and best paying professions are:

Window Trimming, Ad. Writing and Card Sign Painting

Men who completed these courses here are today holding first class positions in all sections of the United States and Canada.

We teach in person at our splendidly equipped school or by correspondence.

Write for information to

BOND INSTITUTE of MERCANTILE TRAINING

WILLARD H. BOND, PRESIDENT

Send for Catalogue

124-144 West 14th St., New York

Formerly ECONOMIST TRAINING SCHOOL

A Short Pencil Story

Once upon a time there was a man who didn't like

DIXON'S

American Graphite Pencils

Just one man. The exception that proves the rule. Write for free booklet X.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.

Jersey City

N. J.

SUPERIOR ENGINES

for fishing boats and pleasure launches. Compact, simple, strong, efficient, economical; easy to start, reverse, slow down or stop. They couldn't be more perfect mechanically if sold at twice the price.

Used by U. S. Government Engineering and Life Saving Service.

Absolutely dependable. Speed controller regulates and maintains any speed desired; governor actually governs; igniter always ignites; vaporizer never fails. (½ to 45 H. P.)

Write to-day for illustrated catalogue

LAKE SHORE ENGINE WORKS, Marquette, Mich.

the very day that the Senate voted for Panama instead of Nicaragua, Senator Morgan's daughters were giving a dinner. When they learned how the vote had gone they decided not to let the subject come up, for they knew that the Nicaragua route had been a cherished dream of their father. When the Senator came in he had scarcely greeted the guests when he said joyfully:

"'Well, the bill has passed.'

"'Yes, father, and we are so sorry,' said Miss Morgan.

"'Sorry!' he ejaculated. 'Well, I'm not, for we've got a canal at last. It's not the route I've fought and bled for, but I wanted a canal, and any will do just so long as it crosses the Isthmus somewhere. It's a curious fact,' continued he, 'that if I'd been impartial between these two great waterways, we'd probably not have reached a vote for either, but by fighting tooth and nail for Nicaragua I've got Panama. Human nature is queer!'"

"Well, it certainly is never more entertaining than in children," said the new Member. "I was up at the White House the other day. I had gone from the Executive Office to the Mansion by invitation of the President, and we encountered the household youngsters together with several others who were there to play with them.

"They were racing all over the lower floor, and finally they began to bounce up and down on the new furniture. The President had to interrupt the informal audience he was holding to say:

"'Children, you must quit that. Those are our venerated Uncle Samuel's new chairs, and he'll be sending us in a bill if we break the springs.'

"'Uncle Sam won't know anything about it,' said the smallest Presidential boy.

"'But this gentleman,' said the President, looking at me slyly, 'is from the House of Representatives, and he may tell on us.'

"This was particularly funny and to the point," went on the new Member, "for only the day before a Representative had introduced a resolution calling on the President for an accounting of expenditures at the White House. You may be sure it lost nothing in my telling of the story when I got back to the Capitol."

"We are going to miss Cortelyou at the Executive Office terribly," said Robert.

"That we are," said Senator Blank. "Cortelyou and young Garfield are like a couple of boys in their enthusiastic zeal for this new Department of Commerce. They are particularly pleased to be at the head of something that never has been in the hands of politicians, and they mean to establish the whole thing on a high plane. One old cut-and-dried party man said to me the other day:

"'These two youngsters with their lofty political notions are going to make some of us old sinners breathe a little hard, I'm afraid. Why, do you know, I was making up a slate of appointments in my State not long since, and of course there were one or two names that were—well—a trifle steep, possibly, but they were names that we're pretty sure all to unite upon, and young Garfield was present. He looked straight through me and asked in that direct way of his:

"'"Has the President seen your slate?"'

"'I was disconcerted, for I knew what he meant, but I put on a bold face and said:

"'"No, the President hasn't seen my slate, and isn't going to see it, either."'"

The new Member spoke up.

"When my Colleague, Taylor, of Ohio, heard of Mr. Garfield's appointment as Commissioner of Corporations in this new Department he remarked jocularly:

"'Isn't it rather a violent proceeding on the part of the President to break into the corporations with a *jimmy*?'

"None of us knew for a minute," continued the new Member, "what he meant, until he explained that everybody in Ohio calls him Jimmy. Senator Hanna even calls him 'little Jimmy Garfield,' although 'little Jimmy' is half again taller than the Honorable Marcus Alonzo himself."

"And speaking of Jimmy," said Robert, trying to fasten upon the new Member a joke that was going the rounds at the Capitol, "Aren't you the very new Member who tackled, the other day, our old Scotch friend Smith, of the Botanic Gardens? They say you had fastened your eyes on some choice plants and cut flowers, and you meant to get around Smith by eulogizing Smith's idol, Bobbie Burns. Quoth you:

"'I always did love "Jimmy" Burns. I think "Jimmy" Burns was one of the greatest poets who ever lived.'

"Quoth he, not stopping his work:

"'Jimmy Burns! Tommy Washington!! Sammy Bonaparte!!! Get out!'"

Read the Best Shakespeare

NOWADAYS no one asks "Shall I read Shakespeare?" That Shakespeare's plays shall be read if one intends to read at all is a matter on which there can be no discussion. You cannot afford to be ignorant of Shakespeare's Works or to possess a poor edition. A set of Shakespeare—**the best and most accurate edition**—should be the corner-stone of your library. You can buy the **best** Shakespeare for what you would have to pay for a poor one, and the **best edition** has the advantage of being in itself a complete Shakespearean Library. The coupon in the lower right-hand corner will bring you a set of the best edition on approval, and three cents a day will keep it.

Sets in 13 Illustrated Volumes. Size of Volumes 8 x 5½ inches

The International Edition

In **accuracy, clearness, convenience of arrangement,** and in all that goes to constitute an ideal Shakespeare, the International Edition holds first place. This edition reproduces the famous Cambridge text, which has been for forty years the standard text of Shakespeare. To this text have been added **Prefaces** giving the history of each play; **Critical Comments** on the plays and the characters, taken from the works of great Shakespearean scholars; **Glossaries** following each play and defining every difficult word; **Explanatory** and **Critical Notes,** which make clear every obscure passage. There are over **200 Illustrations,** many of them being rare woodcuts of Shakespeare's time. There are also numerous full-page **chromatic plates** in colors and **photogravures** on Japan vellum. Included with the set is a complete **Life of Shakespeare,** containing the facts actually known about him, by Israel Gollancz, with critical estimates of Shakespeare's genius by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephen, and Thomas Spencer Baynes. Shakespeare's Works—everything he wrote—are given complete, including the **Sonnets and Poems.** A set forms a complete **Shakespearean Library.**

HALF-PRICE CLUB CLOSES

Through our Shakespeare Club you can obtain a set of this edition at half price and on easy terms of payment, if you order at once. The regular price is $44.00 and $36.00—according to the binding. Our Club price is **$22.00 for a set in half-leather** binding and **$18.00 for the cloth** binding—payable at the rate of $1.00 a month. If you ever expect to own a satisfactory edition of Shakespeare, or if you are accumulating a home library, you should not let this opportunity pass. The coupon will bring you a set for examination and if it is not satisfactory you can return it at our expense without costing you a cent. This offer will not appear again, as only a few sets remain, and the Club is closing.

FREE Each subscriber for this edition will receive, free, **a complete Index of Shakespeare's Works,** by means of which the student can readily find any passage in any of the Plays or Poems. No Concordance of Shakespeare can be bought for less than $6.00, and this volume is worth more to the average reader than a Concordance. None of the other widely advertised editions contains a Topical Index.

Beautiful Specimen Pages Sent on Request.

The University Society

78 Fifth Avenue, New York

CUT OFF THIS CORNER

S. E. P. 3-28

The University Society

78 Fifth Avenue

New York

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a set of the **New International Shakespeare,** in half leather, with Index and Method of Study. If satisfactory I agree to pay **$1 within 5 days** and **$1 per month** thereafter for 21 months; if not satisfactory I agree to return the set within 5 days.

Name.....

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In ordering cloth, change 21 months to 17 months.

Not necessary to send coupon if The Saturday Evening Post is mentioned

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Earn money by writing for newspapers and magazines, either at home or on a salary. We train by **mail** to do literary work that will be paid for. Write for catalogue.

Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism, 171 Majestic Building, Detroit, Mich.

Music Lessons Free In your own home, by mail. Any instrument. Postage and music to be paid for as needed your only expense. Send for Free Tuition Contract and Booklet. Address,

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July 1—August 30, 1902.

Literary Department—21 Professors—21 Instructors—109 Courses. Preparatory, Undergraduate, Graduate, Teachers' Courses—Tuition $15. Room and Board $3 to $5. Healthful location. Special Announcements for Law and Medicine.

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Stenography as It Should be Taught and as No Other Man Ever Taught It.

Students enrolling with this institution are placed under the direct personal instruction of Robert F. Rose. Our Book "*Progress in Shorthand*" mailed free. It tells everything.

PAGE-DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL

Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

STAMPS 100 all different Peru, Cuba, Bolivia, Mexico, Argentine, Brazil, Costa Rica, Turkey, Persia, Tunis, etc., and ALBUM, ONLY 10c. 1000 fine mixed, 20c. 1000 hinges, 10c. 60 different U. S., 25c. Agents wanted, 50 per ct. 1903 List Free.

C. E. Stegman, 5061 Cote Brilliante av., St. Louis, Mo.

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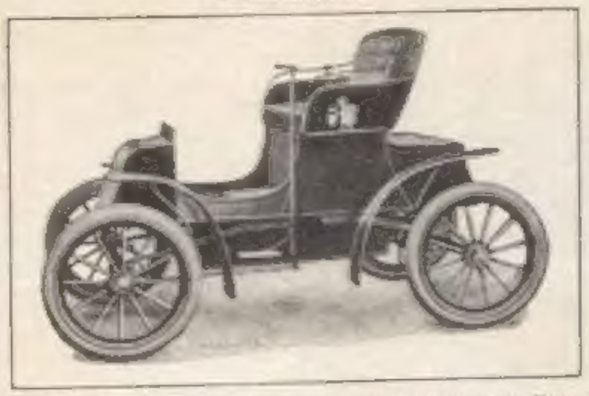
Thoroughly and quickly taught. Expenses low and can be reduced one-half by working for board. Railroads give our graduates immediate employment and furnish free passes to destinations. We have more places open for our students than we can fill, and can give choice of railroads in several States. Write for catalogue. *We pay railroad fare to Janesville.*

Valentines' School of Telegraphy, Janesville, Wis.

Columbia

Light Electric Runabout

MARK XXXVIII.



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Catalogue illustrating and describing 20 different Columbia models will be sent on request.

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If you contemplate purchasing a watch - a good watch - you certainly should read

"A GUIDE TO WATCH BUYERS"

It describes the

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tells how these famous watches are made "accurate to the second" and describes the great factory where both cases and movements are made.

ASK DEALER OR WRITE TO

DUEBER HAMPDEN WATCH WORKS

DEPT. C. CANTON, OHIO

For Men
No. 16—1902 This Model.
The Latest and Greatest.

For Ladies—"The 400." The smallest and most accurate watch made.

A ticket to California via the

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is practically a guarantee that for 2¼ days you will be supremely happy; that you will sleep soundly, fare on the best the land affords, meet pleasant people, see interesting scenery, and be transported from the centre of the continent to its southwestern corner in the briefest possible space of time.

Newest of transcontinental trains—and the most comfortable.

Leaves Chicago daily via the El Paso-Rock Island route. Less than three days to Los Angeles. Through cars to Santa Barbara and San Francisco. Electric lights; electric fans; bath room; barber shop; Booklover's Library. Lowest altitudes of any line across the continent. Tickets, berths and full information at this office.

Rock Island System

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Not to Err—Elgin

The man who is always right on time is the man who carries the

ELGIN WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to

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Nothing cheap about Bicycle Playing Cards except the price.

They wear well. 29 backs. Back shown is "Tangent" design. Order by name. Sold by dealers.

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We will send 128-page Condensed Hoyle for 10c. stamps, if addressed to Dept. 27.

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Under the personal supervision of a practical man of acknowledged professional standing. My methods are entirely new—I use a map, an original drawing, a blue-print or a photograph to illustrate each lesson. There is always a demand for competent men. I guarantee the thorough instruction necessary to make you competent. 7 courses. Instruction by mail. Prospectus and sample lesson free.

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For Breakfast
WHEATLET
All the Wheat that's fit to eat"

An Education Without Cash

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST offers a full course, all expenses paid, in any college, conservatory or business school in the country in return for work done in leisure hours. You select the school—we pay the bills. If you are interested, send a line addressed to

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

IF YOU COULD MAKE $5,000

BY PAYING $6. A MONTH

—$510. IN ALL—WOULD YOU DO IT?

WE PUT the above startling headline at the top of our advertisement for two purposes—one to induce every reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* to at least read the advertisement through. Second, in the hope that at least half of them will let us tell our story and endeavor to prove that we have an investment in New York real estate which in 10 years will return to you several thousand dollars, perhaps as much as $5,000 for each $500 invested—and this $500 can be paid at the rate of $6 per month. We know we have one of the greatest propositions in real estate ever offered in the history of cities, and our difficulty is not to convince you, but to get the chance of presenting the facts to you.

$500 invested for a child may put him through college; $500 invested for a young married couple will go toward making them independent in their old years; $500 invested by a young man or a young woman will, in our opinion, pay them better than any life insurance they can possibly take out, and this $500 can be invested **at $6 a month.**

4,000 Investors Bought $3,461,000 Worth of our New York Lots During the Past Year

Nearly three and a half million dollars! that's the forceful story of our real estate sales during the year just ended. We ask *you* to dwell on these figures lo[illegible]ugh to see[illegible] nd what they really mean. These three and a half million dollars actua[illegible] thousands who have lots have in us. *You*, perhaps, have not yet invested—not even investigated [illegible] proposition:—

"$.0[illegible]ures a $510 Lot in Greater New York"

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Within 35 Minutes of These Skyscrapers, by Trolley, 5c.

This is a high class and strictly honest proposition, or you may be sure *The Saturday Evening Post* would not permit our announcement to appear. Nor would we have the privilege of referring to twenty odd National Banks, the Commercial Agencies, and over 30,000 customers all over the United States.

Doesn't it seem fair to presume that the same reasons which convinced so many thousands of practical thinking men and women everywhere of the undoubted value of our proposition, would convince YOU? Isn't it worth the time at least to send us your name to-day—and learn how you may possibly make $5,000 by paying $10 down and $6 a month until your payments amount to $510?

This may sound extravagant—yet every statement we make is based upon a fact. It is in evidence—it can be verified—it can be SEEN. Naturally we will be accused of being biased in our opinions—of painting New York's future in too rosy colors—but listen!

HERE'S THE OPINION AND ADVICE

OF ONE OF THE

World's Greatest Investors and Financiers, RUSSELL SAGE

(From the *New York World* of September 28th, 1902.)

"I do not think the future of New York can be depicted in terms any too glowing. The most fanciful writers cannot exaggerate the greatness of its future.

"A man who buys real estate in any of the five boroughs—of course exercising average good judgment—has a fortune before him. *Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year.*

"Young man, buy real estate, especially acre property, in the outlying boroughs, and then work hard at your usual avocation. Your real estate purchases will make your old age comfortable." RUSSELL SAGE.

Our property is located in Brooklyn—it is therefore a very significant fact when Mr. Sage says *"Brooklyn is growing at the rate of 75,000 people a year."* Think of it! That means *three-fourths* of all of New York's enormous yearly increase of population.

FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

As a guarantee of good faith, we agree with all persons living East of Chicago to pay you in cash the cost of your railroad fare to New York and return, if you visit our property and find one word of this advertisement a misrepresentation; or in case you buy, we will credit cost of the fare on your purchase; to those living farther away we will pay a proportion equal to round-trip Chicago ticket.

.....1903

Messrs. WOOD, HARMON & CO.
Dept. G 16, New York City

Please send me full particulars in regard to your New York Lots.

Name .....

Street and No. .....

City and State .....

If you should die at [illegible]y time before payments have been compl[illegible]ed, we will give to your heirs a deed of th[illegible] lot without further cost. If you should lose employment or be sick, you will not forfeit the land. You have absolutely nothing to lose by writing at once for full particulars, or better still—mail us $10, the first payment on a lot, **with the distinct understanding that we must return it to you if we have misrepresented our proposition in the slightest particular. Write under all circumstances.** You would not be fair to yourself if you failed to look into this matter. Fill out the coupon and mail it to us to-day. That costs two cents and a minute's time. *Isn't it worth while?*

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